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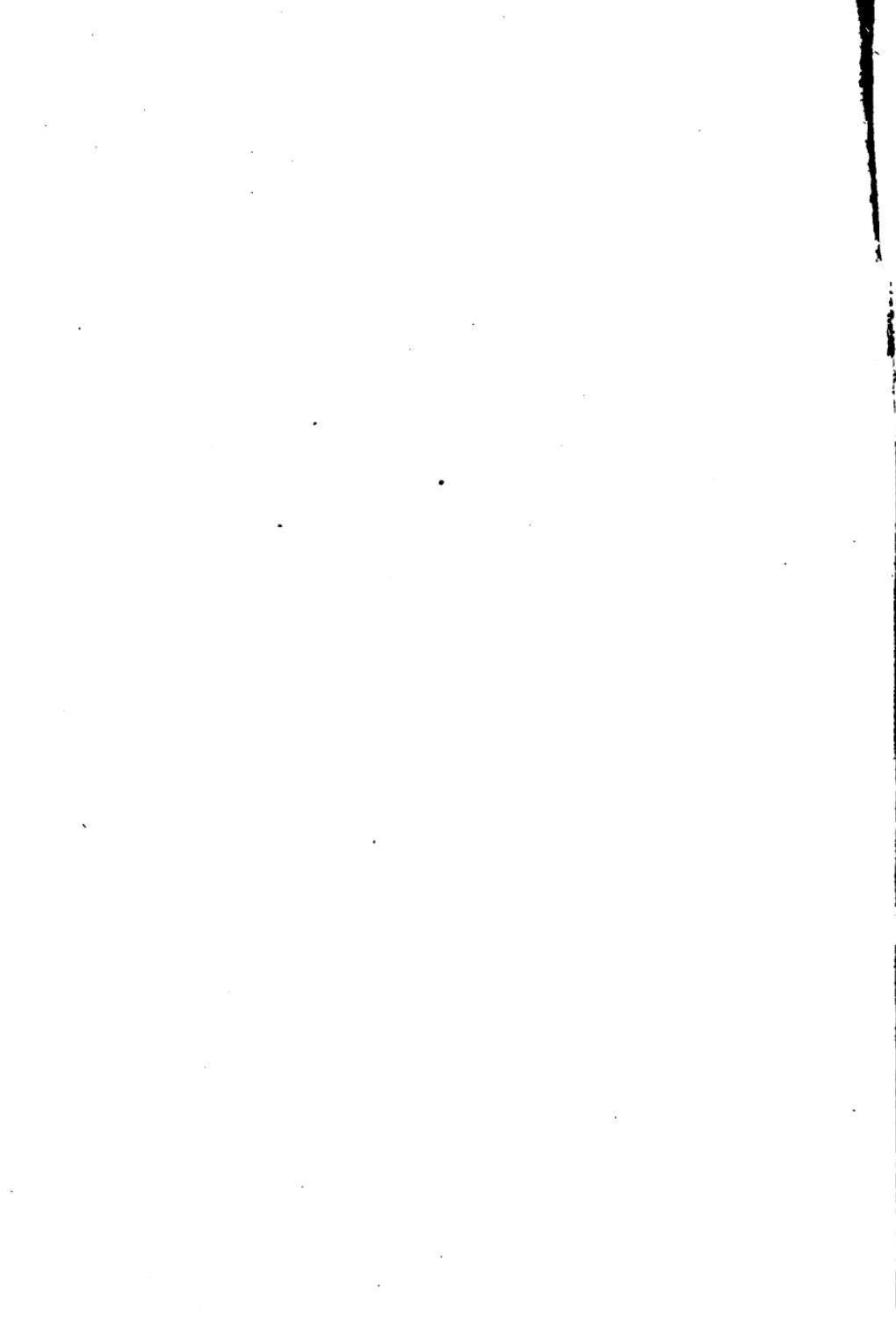
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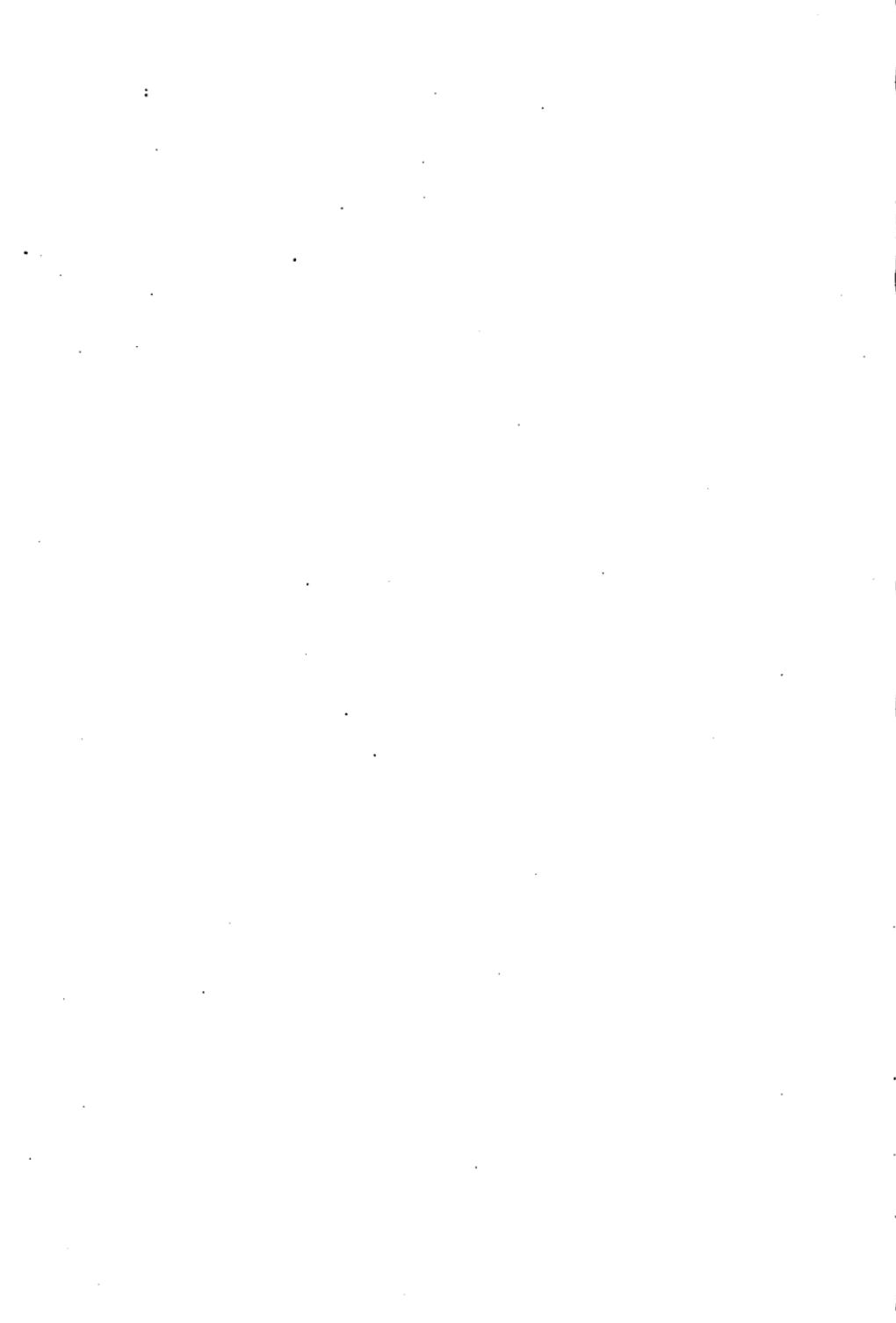


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**ROUND THE WORLD SERIES**  
**VOLUME V**



# ROUND THE WORLD

*A Series of Interesting Illustrated Articles  
on a Great Variety of Subjects*

## VOLUME V

Cattle Trail of the Prairies. Life Aboard a Whaler.  
Through the Catacombs. Japanese Ware. The Castled  
Rhine. Truck Farming. Making Guns for Our  
Warships. The Procession of the Relic of  
the Precious Blood at Bruges. How We  
Took the Old Forts. In a Land of  
the Past. The Legend  
of Juan Rubio.

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**WITH 97 ILLUSTRATIONS**

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## Cattle Trail of the Prairies

JOURNEYING through Southern Kansas, one occasionally sees, from the car window, either near Newton, Abilene, Dodge City, or Baxter Springs, a wide trough-like course, whose ridges are being washed down by rain. Occasionally, farm or ranch houses and barns stretch across this great track. If one's neighbor happens to be a Kansan, and is asked as to the reason of the peculiar appearance of the curious, road-like section that goes on into the distance, he will say it is all that remains of the Chisholm, or perhaps the Old Shawnee, cattle trail that, early in the last half of the nineteenth century, formed the avenues over which poured millions of cattle from Texas on their way to Northern stockyards, and the markets of the Eastern and Middle States. It was these trails that made Texas beef a world-familiar term, laid the foundations of colossal fortunes, and created a new title, that of cattle king.

When our Civil War ended, countless thousands of cattle roamed the Texas prairies. There

seemed, at first, no way to get them to market. The vast Rock Island Railroad system which gridirons the old cattle country to-day was then an unborn idea. The market existed, but the question was, how to get the cattle to the points of sale. Plainly they must walk. This fact settled, it was not long until the days of the Northern cattle drive were ushered in.

The first drive of consequence was in the early summer of 1866, as soon as the spring round-up had made calculation of numbers possible. Range operators started northward herds aggregating 270,000 head, the destination being railroad points in Missouri. A look at the map of the country lying between Rock Bluffs Ford on the Red River, and such points as Sedalia and St. Louis in Missouri, even to-day, more than forty years after the first of the great Texas drives wandered into history, gives an idea of the natural difficulties encountered during such a journey. Besides the obstacles created by nature, others were met, such as the outlaws who infested Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas, and the fear of the deadly Spanish fever, a disease to which Texas cattle seemed peculiarly susceptible.

*CATTLE TRAIL OF THE PRAIRIES.*      9



*Trail Outfit crossing Rocky Bluff's Ford of the Red River on the Chisholm Trail.*

This first trail led from Kinishi valley, near the Red River in Texas, to Fort Smith, Ark., and thence by a winding route, owing to the character of the country traversed, to and through the Ozark mountains and Southeastern Missouri. The outlaws collected tribute from the drovers on the basis that might makes right. Failure to pay sometimes meant the drover's death, but more often in such a case his cattle were stampeded. This caused days of delay, with a certainty that a considerable percentage of the herd would never be recovered. So the drover usually paid. Danger, and tribute-paying, together with the fact that the cattle reached the terminals in such poor condition that they brought low prices, made the drive almost a failure from the profit standpoint.

About this time the railroads began to push into Kansas, the old Kansas Pacific, now part of the Union Pacific system, being the pioneer. It was half way across Kansas from Kansas City when Joseph G. McCoy, an Illinois stock-raiser, conceived the plan that turned the eyes of the nation on Kansas as a cattle-shipping point. His idea was taken up by the railroads, and great shipping-yards built at Abilene, whose reputation



*Halting Point on Chisholm Trail at Sac and Fox Indian Reservation*

as a town presently became as great for disorder as it is now for good government.

Just as soon as shipping facilities reached a point of usefulness, word was sent by messengers to various points along the trail then in use to all the owners of Texas herds that could be reached, in order that the diversion of trail cattle might begin at the earliest moment. In spite of this display of energy, only about 36,000 head of cattle reached Abilene the first season, the initial shipment East being made September 5, 1867. Then came the Chisholm trail, named after John Chisholm, a Paris, Texas, stockman, who was the first to drive a herd over it.

Chisholm rode ahead of his cattle, breaking the way from the Red River to Kansas. Fording the Red River near the mouth of Mud Creek, he followed the latter stream to its head, then northwest to Wild Horse Creek, west of the Signal Mountains, crossing the Washita River at Elm Spring. Thence he went north to the Canadian River, and through the Kingfisher Creek Valley to the Cimarron. Keeping the cattleman's instinctive thought of water constantly in mind, he marked the trail along the head of Black River and Bluff Creek to Sewell's ranch, where the

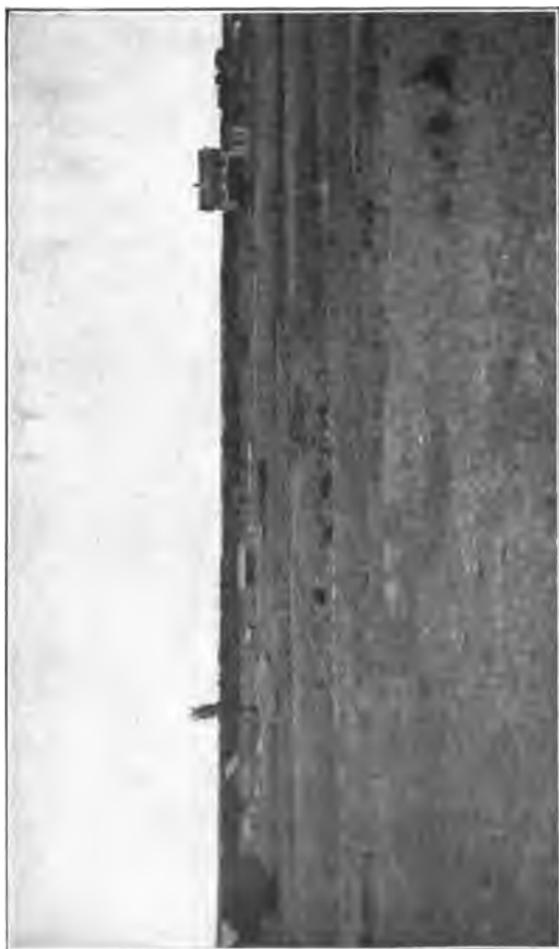


*Sowell's Ranch, an old Trail Station at the South Fork of the Arkansas.*

Salt fork of the Arkansas River was encountered.

The trail struck Kansas at Caldwell, which is to-day a cattle shipping point of no mean importance. Crossing the Arkansas near Wichita, the trail turned northeasterly, touching Newton, over the divide between the Smoky Hill and Arkansas rivers, and thence upon the prairies covered with buffalo grass south of the shipping yards at Abilene. Chisholm's judgment in selecting a route for the trail was indorsed by those who followed him, and the highway at once assumed importance as the chief route to the North for Texas cattle. It was fully six hundred miles long, and stretched, a brown band, from two hundred to four hundred feet wide, fairly beaten into the earth by the marching hoofs of countless thousands of cattle.

Another trail came into existence soon after, known as the Old Shawnee trail, leading to a lesser Kansas shipping-point, Baxter Springs, on what was then the Fort Scott & Gulf Railroad, in the southeastern corner of Kansas. The starting point of the two trails was about the same, and they ran parallel for nearly one hundred miles. At Elm Spring the Shawnee trail



*The Trail as it appears to-day near Wichita, Kansas.*

took a different route, to the north side of the Shawnee hills, crossing the Canadian and North Canadian near the old Sac and Fox Indian reservation, and, passing through the Creek reservation, forded the Arkansas west of the then existent Forts Davis and Gibson, forts which for a quarter of a century have been only memories. Taking a turn to the eastward, it passed west of Vinita, now a flourishing town in the Indian Territory, and proceeded thence to Baxter Springs.

There were other and minor trails, but these two, the Chisholm and Old Shawnee, were the chief highways for Texas beef on the hoof, as the cattle came to be called. Later on, the Chisholm trail was extended to two other Kansas points, Reno and Dodge City, the latter destined to achieve a reputation as the champion "bad town" of its day. One effect of the trails was the development of the country through which they passed, for they caused cattle ranches to come into existence whose owners would start in with small bunches of stock, and grow up with the country. After a time these ranches reached such proportions that their product became a notable factor in trail cattle shipments. From time to time the trails were straightened at the

**CATTLE TRAIL OF THE PRAIRIES. 17**



*Where the old Shawnee Trail terminated at Baxter Springs, Kansas.*

more tortuous places, until the distance was reduced to the minimum.

It is estimated that in 1870 300,000 head of cattle reached Abilene, and in 1871 1,000,000 cattle came north from Texas, 600,000 to Abilene alone. Figures are dry enough at best, but they possess in this instance unusual significance, because they mark the crest of the wave of prosperity that surged along the Texas trails. At this period several counties of Kansas were practically transformed into huge cattle-yards, and the future of the producer of Texas beef seemed bright indeed.

While the cowboy, or as he is best known on the range, the cow-puncher, was not a creation of the old-time cattle trail, the existence of the trail did much to develop him, for it brought him more and more into contact with emergencies and experiences that broadened him. Trail work was hard. It required unflinching courage and the quickest of action. The Texas steer was and is not a respecter of persons. Of man and horse together he stands in fear. That, he has been taught by the rope or lariat and prod-pole. But separated, the steer looked upon them in the trail era just as to-day—as enemies to be put to death

as speedily as possible; and he loses no opportunity.



*Pack Train passing down Devil's Slide, on Smooth Rock, Santa Catarina Trail, Durango, Mexico.*

When on the trail the herd was permitted to string out a reasonable distance, a thousand head often covering two miles. The leaders were

flanked by cowboys, riders also being stationed at regular intervals the length of the herd. At first, the progress of a herd was from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, but this rate of travel soon decreased, steadyng down to a daily journey of from twelve to fifteen miles, this gait being maintained for weeks. From the Red River to Abilene forty to one hundred days was required, according to the size of the herd and the delays encountered. Southern Texas herds generally numbered from 4,000 to 6,000 head, while herds from Northern Texas varied from 1,500 to 3,000.

As long as the Indians whose territory was touched by the trails were encountered, at times on the war path, the ratio of eight riders to one thousand cattle was observed. When these hostilities ceased, four to six riders were considered sufficient. Each of these riders had from six to ten horses, a horse being allowed at least three days' freedom from riding each week, as grass-fed horses can not endure the amount of work that is within the limits of an oats-fed horse.

From terminal to terminal the trail cattle were guarded night and day. A lack of vigilance at



*Driving the Tail-enders along the Trail.*

night often meant a stampede, about the most serious thing that can happen to a herd of cattle. In good weather the life of the rider was not unpleasant, but rainy nights mean trouble with a herd on the march. With rare exceptions a herd of cattle on the range or trail will lie down until about midnight, when almost to a steer they rise to their feet preparatory to a change of position. It is at this moment on rainy nights that the danger of stampede becomes critical. When the trail cattle did break away the method adopted was to try to turn them in a circle, gradually calm them down, and work back to the trail.

Occasionally it happened that two herds merged, by reason of bad management or a stampede, occasioning no end of trouble. Sometimes a herd of buffalo would cross the trail. Should the latter encounter a passing cattle herd, a panic was certain. At given points it was fairly certain for a long time that hostile Indians would appear, with an even chance that an effort to stampede the herd would be made. Thus the successful cowboy was of necessity a man of resolution, courage, quickness of action, and ready to meet any emergency.

When trail cattle reached the shipping-point



*Day Herding on the Trail.*

they were held on near-by tracts of prairie for several days, or until their owners made a satisfactory bargain. Then the cattle, in the same fashion that rules to-day, were driven into yards, and, with the aid of the human voice and the prod-pole, forced to enter cattle cars by means of narrow chutes. This accomplished, the cowboy's task was ended, he was "paid off," and his vacation began. His method of celebrating that vacation in those days has been criticized. To-day he is a fairly peaceful citizen, sometimes high-spirited, but always a manly man.

In 1872, prices of cattle fell off, and shipping soon ceased almost entirely. Over 300,000 steers remained unsold on the shipping grounds. Trail cattle suffered greatly during the winter of 1871-2. Frequently, only a few hundred survived out of many thousands. Abilene lost its prestige, and Wichita and Dodge City gained it. After a while shipments increased, one year reaching 450,000, but the end of the trail's glory was in sight. Railroad building into the Indian Territory proved a distinct bar to trail cattle shipments. When Oklahoma was opened in 1890 and settlers poured in, the death knell of the Texas trails was sounded, and 1891 saw their practical

*CATTLE TRAIL OF THE PRAIRIES.*      25



*The old Trail, where Dodge City, Kansas, now stands.*

abandonment. Cattle are still driven North from Texas, but not for immediate shipment nor in vast numbers. They are taken at a leisurely pace to Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana, whose climate builds them up and makes better beef.

The Texas steer, too, has changed. In the days of the old trails he was lean of flank, wild-eyed and long horned. To-day, he is, comparatively, a steady going "grade," made so by the mingling of blooded stock with the range herds. Much of the old trail country is now a verdant and smiling landscape, dotted with little towns. And this is especially true of that very part of which, thirty-five years ago, it was said: "There is no Sunday west of Newton, and no God west of Pueblo."

## Life Aboard a Whaler

ALTHOUGH the whaling industry is on the wane, it may still be truthfully said that, of all those who go down to the sea in ships, the whaler's life is the most adventurous. Twenty years ago the industry was at its height, and then it was that, in fleets of staunch wooden sailing-ships, most of them of the kind described by seamen as "made by the mile and cut off in lengths as you want 'em," equipped for cruises of one, two and even three years, prepared to circle the globe, to freeze in the Arctic, or to burn in the regions of the Equator, these hardy mariners set forth from the coast-towns of New England, many of them never to return. Rough fellows they were, in the main, and coarse of speech, but their bravery could never be questioned, nor their willingness to sacrifice their lives in rescuing a comrade. To them the sea was life; they loved the song of the wind, the rolling of the deep, the dash of the spray in their faces, and the cry of "There she blows!" contained for them the promise of the

greatest joy they knew. Yet theirs was a life of the hardest kind. The excitement of the chase they had, the fleeting hope of the wealth that ambergris might bring them some day—a hope that was seldom realized—and that was all. For the most part they knew but harsh treatment, poor fare, and hard labor.

The excitement over, the whale caught, it was towed to the ship, the “cutting stage” was erected, and the real work began.

Mounted on the platform beneath which the carcass was fastened, the officers began the laborious task of cutting off the head, guided only by instinctive knowledge, for there is no positive way of telling where to make the incision. No matter how skilful they might be, it took hours to sever the gigantic mass. As soon as the head swung free it was firmly secured, a little above the water line, a spongy mass of almost pure spermaceti cut from the nozzle and a slit made in the top, so that the enormous quantity of spermaceti in solution in the “case,” an indentation in the skull, could be baled out and emptied into barrels. This operation completed, the “junk,” as the remaining portion was called, was permitted to drop into the sea. In the



*Cutting a Whale on a Shore on the North Side of the Island of St. Michael's, Azores.*

meantime men had been engaged in skinning the monster, cutting the blubber, the oil-bearing fat, just beneath the skin that covers the whale like the rind of an orange, and hoisting it aboard in "blankets," slabs about five feet square and a foot thick; others were chopping this into "horse-pieces," passing them through the mincing tank, a clumsy apparatus which scarred them so that the oil could be more readily rendered, while others fed the great caldrons in the "try-works," situated in a brick structure in the waist of the vessel.

Underneath these caldrons were furnaces wherein was burned the blubber from which the oil had been extracted; and beneath these, again, a tank about a foot deep filled with water, to prevent the deck from catching fire. As the "trying" progressed, the oil was dipped out and passed into cooling tanks, whence it was finally poured into barrels and stored in the hold. Thus the work went on, and there was little rest for any one until it was completed, the decks scrubbed and everything put in readiness for another catch.

But now conditions are changed. The steamer is replacing the sailing-vessel, the bomb supplanting the old-time harpoon and lance, the



*How a Whale is Caught.*

factory on shore taking the place of the "try-works." In these days the captain of a whaler merely seeks to catch as many whales as possible and tow them ashore, where every part of the "fish" is made to pay a profit, and every mechanical appliance lends its aid in securing it.

Standing in the prow of his vessel, as soon as a whale has been "raised," the skipper prepares the harpoon gun, follows the wake of the whale with his eye, and, when it "breaks water," fires into its body an immense harpoon provided with a bomb set with a time fuse, which, exploding in the interior of the monster, kills him almost immediately. The wild chase, the overturning of boats as the leviathan "sounds," the fearful flapping of his flukes that meant death to so many hardy men awaiting the chance to place the final blow of the lance, are no more. There is danger still, plenty of it, and there is excitement, but the methods are changing, and the old-time whaler is dying out.

Hence it is that I consider myself fortunate in having spent much time during my early years in a coast town not many miles from New Bedford, and in having met "the noblest Roman of them all." Captain Hal, as he was familiarly



*A Double Catch being brought up on Shore.*

known, was a man of more than usual education for a whaler, who had sailed in every sea, whose lance had given the final blow to every species of whale, from the fighting finback to the great blue whale, a monster attaining a growth of ninety feet, weighing as many tons, in whose massive frame, if hollowed out, a full-grown elephant could stand, whose immense strength enables him to tow a boat at the rate of nineteen knots an hour, and would, if he could only realize it, enable him to crush the boat like so much tinder. Many a pleasant hour I have spent with the captain, and many a tale of the sea he has told me; but of them all he loved best to dwell upon the trip that was most exciting and most lucrative in his long career on the seas.

"It was in July, 1870," thus ran his tale, "that the Mary Hull, of which I was first mate, left her winter quarters in Franklin Bay, and sailed out into the Arctic. Within a few hours we 'raised' a 'pod' of whales about five miles from the ship. The man in the crow's nest kept the steersman posted as to the direction they were taking, and in the course of a couple of hours they came into plain view, bowling lazily along two miles ahead. All was



*Showing a Whale just as it has been Caught.*

excitement on board, but not an unnecessary sound was made.

"At last the boats were lowered, and when the race was on, such a contest was never seen except when the various crews of a ship were racing to make the first strike. As mate I commanded one of the boats, and while we sped along, the oarsmen bending every muscle to the work, I fastened my eyes upon two great whales, a bull and a cow swimming a little apart from the rest, for the bull was the largest I had ever seen, and, on account of my position, I felt sure that I could reach him before the others. As we approached them they 'sounded,' but I followed their motion under the water, and just as they 'broke' let my 'iron' go. It found the mark and sank deep into the vitals of the bull. For a moment he stopped in surprise, then suddenly 'sounded.' The silk-like line that was coiled neatly in the tubs whizzed over the lagerhead with such rapidity that the bailer was brought into play and water poured over it to prevent the boat from catching fire. It was but a short time before the monster rose to the surface again; and then began a chase that I shall never forget!

"Around and around in a great circle sped the



*Cutting a Whale.*

whale, towing the boat after him at a speed I had never traveled before. For more than an hour he kept up the pace, then stopped short. The boat shot ahead, but we managed to stop before we were on him. Then we pulled away and watched him. He lay so still that I decided to get near enough to put a lance in him. Swiftly the rope was hauled in, and we crept up toward him as he lay motionless. We were almost on him, when, without the slightest warning, he 'sounded,' the line fairly *singing* as he seemed to seek the very bottom of the ocean. One of the men was standing up, and the sudden start threw him off his balance. In righting himself he put his foot in the tub of line. In a second he was picked up, his body shot past me with lightning-like speed, almost throwing me overboard, and, stunned and horrified, I saw him carried down, down, past all human aid! It seemed an age before the monster broke water again; and when he did poor Hogan was nowhere to be seen! It was a terrible, but not an unusual thing, and as it would have done no good to cut loose, we held on until the whale grew weary and at last I got near enough to sink my lance into him.

"‘Stern all, stern all!’” I shouted, and we shot



*How the Whales are brought Ashore.*

away just in time to escape the great tail as he went into his 'flurry.' A moment more and two streams of blood were spouted into the air—the leviathan was dead!

"As we approached the immense 'fish' to take him in tow I caught sight of a grayish mass floating near him. 'Ambergris' I cried, and ambergris it was—a piece weighing fully ten pounds and worth just twenty thousand dollars! As we measured the monster with our eyes, we realized his size, and knew that our prize was a sperm whale measuring at least ninety feet; but we were destined to have still greater luck. When the carcass was stripped and opened we found in his interior a solid chunk of ambergris weighing exactly *seventy-eight pounds!* We had made a fortune in a day—and Hogan shared it! By some chance he had slipped from the rope and had been picked up by one of the other boats, a broken ankle the only result of his fearful experience!"

## Through the Catacombs

To walk through subterranean Rome is equal to journeying from one end of Italy to the other, from Alpine snow to Sicilian heat. In other words, the passages through the catacombs are believed, according to the most modern computation, to measure something like six hundred miles, and many of them have been only partially explored. It is only in one or two sections that this city of the dead can be viewed; but even in this limited fashion subterranean Rome is found to be a sight without parallel elsewhere in the world, a city of the dead hardly less interesting in its way than the living city below which it has been formed.

Of the forty-two catacombs now known and christened, extending beyond the gates of Rome over an area twenty by twelve miles, that of St. Callistus is one of the largest and most interesting. Its entrance is on the Appian Way, about half an hour's drive from the center of the city, in a vineyard close to the ruins of the ancient church of St. Callistus. The catacombs have for many

years been in the charge of monastic orders, and are such a mighty maze, with passages at four or five different levels, crossing at all kinds of angles, that to venture far into them alone would be almost an act of suicide. It is recorded that about sixty years ago a party of students, with the confidence of much theoretical knowledge, unattended by any of the experienced guides, descended into their depths and were never heard of again. Diligent search, renewed again and again, revealed nothing as to their fate, which must have been that of agonizing death in some remote, undiscovered crypt or corridor.

This warning has proved sufficient ever since; the students' mysterious tragedy was the first and last of its kind. Before its occurrence, however, there had been several narrow escapes of almost tragic interest. A French artist, for instance, once attempted to explore the catacombs alone, taking a torch in one hand and in the other a ball of string with one end fastened to the gate at the entrance. When he had penetrated far into the labyrinths he began copying the sketches and inscriptions on the walls, and while absorbed in this occupation the string dropped unawares from his hand. On discovering the loss he



*Interior of Chapel recently recovered in Cæmeterium Ostrianum;  
the Chapel in which was preserved "the Chair  
where Peter the Apostle first sat."*

searched long and fruitlessly for this link with the open air, until his torch burned itself out, leaving him in absolute darkness. As the young man realized the horror of the doom which threatened him—a lingering death—he threw himself in despair upon the ground. As he fell he touched something with his hand—it was the precious talisman of life and liberty! Another thrilling story is told of a French officer who, in 1798, was immured for more than twenty-four hours. Somehow or other he was separated from a party of fellow officers in the French army of occupation who were "doing" the catacombs, and was not missed until the entrance was regained. A severe attack of brain fever was the sequel to his terrible experience.

Unless acquainted with these authentic tales one might enter the catacombs of St. Callistus alone—if that were possible—with no more misgiving than would be ordinarily felt in leaving the daylight for subterranean regions. One reaches the first level by a flight of well-worn steps, which with patching and repairing have probably lasted from the discovery of the catacombs toward the end of the sixteenth century, and for some time the glimmer of the candles



*The Cemetery of Callistus.*

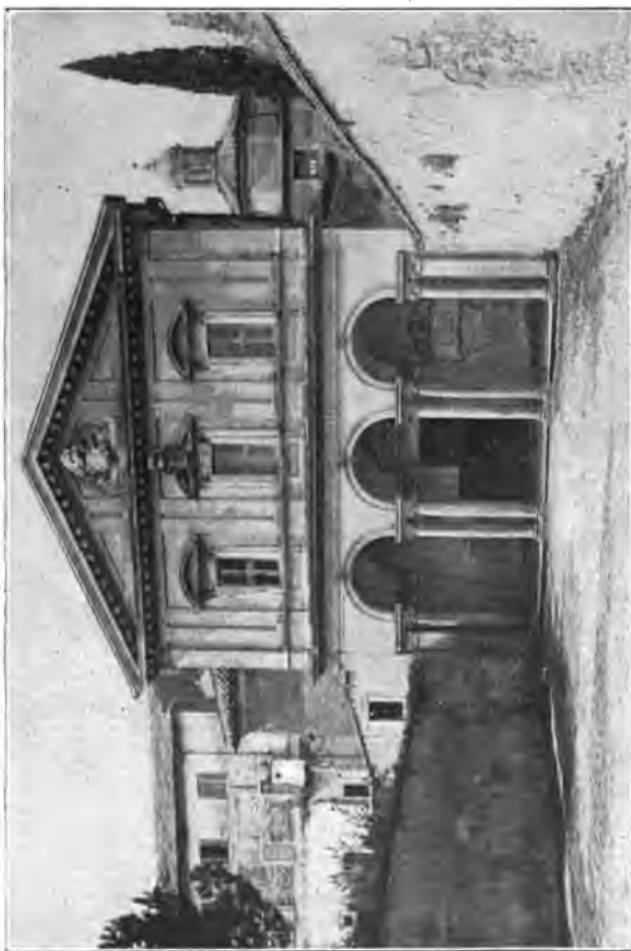
carried in the hands is reenforced by rays of natural light admitted through small openings in the roof of soft volcanic rock. The main corridors are from three to five feet wide and six to sixteen high. But the cross-passages are much smaller, and the number and variety of their directions may well baffle any one who has not spent years in daily traversing them. On the lower levels, to which one descends by crumbling stone stairways, the darkness is complete, as would be realized by a momentary extinction of the candles. There are air-holes at the junctions of the corridors, but these do not perceptibly affect the light, and niches in the walls for lamps indicate that the builders of the catacombs relied entirely on artificial illumination. The air, although unpleasant, is free from damp, high ground having been chosen for these ancient cemeteries. But in these lower galleries, at fifty or sixty feet below the surface, one's feelings are almost indescribably eerie and weird, surrounded, as one stands, by an impenetrable blackness in sudden contrast to the glaring sunshine that was so recently left, in the midst of tombs that contain the bones and ashes of thousands of Romans of the time of the Cæsars.



A Columbarium, or underground Sepulcher, in which the Romans deposited the Urns containing the Ashes of the Dead.

These tombs, cut out of the solid rock according to the size of the bodies filling them, line the corridors from floor to ceiling. Over seventy thousand of them in the catacombs generally have been counted, and the estimates of their total number vary from four to seven million. Of the marble slabs or terra-cotta tiles with which they were hermetically closed only a few examples remain. These show that the slabs were cemented into grooves cut into the rock, while the tiles were plastered together. But many of the tombs still contain skeletons of men, women and children, although these would doubtless dissolve into powder at the slightest touch. In a few cases, owing to various causes, the bones have retained their firmness after the lapse of so many centuries, and in several the bodies have become partially petrified.

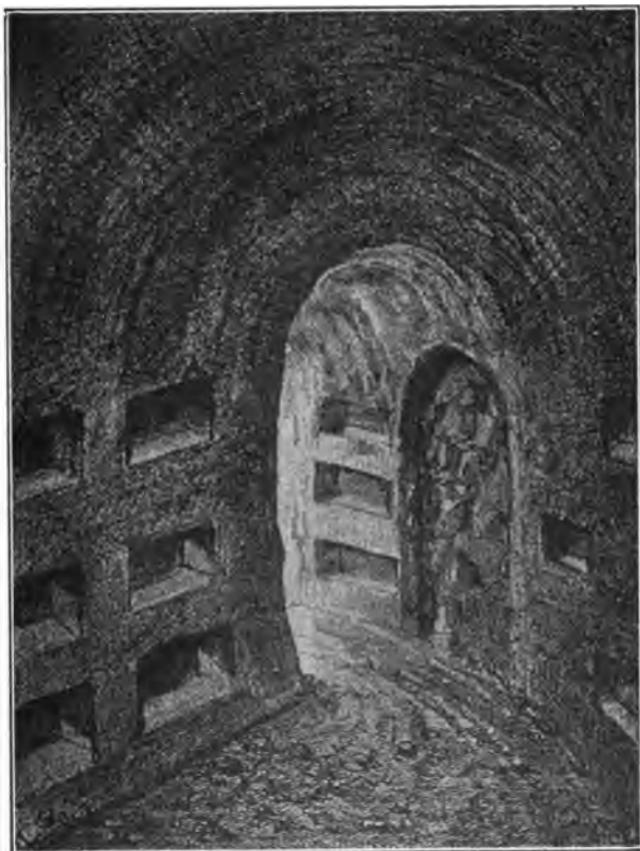
Opening out of the galleries on either side are numerous small chambers which are usually described as *cubicula*. There is still more mystery as to the real purpose for which these chambers were cut out of the rock. Nearly all contained tombs, and it is thought that they were originally family vaults. They seemed too small to have been designed for religious worship, being usually



*Entrance to the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, Rome.*

only about eighty feet square. The arched entrances to these *cubicula*, however, generally face each other, and this has given rise to the theory that one may have been intended for men worshipers and the other for women. Several crypts have unmistakably the character of chapels such as St. Cecilia's, in the catacombs of St. Callistus. This is about twenty feet square, and, as is still evident, its walls were originally lined with marble. Some pictures of Christ, St. Cecilia (elegantly attired like a fashionable Roman lady), and one or two of the Popes, believed to have been executed in the tenth or eleventh century, are still clearly visible. St. Cecilia was buried here—according to the legend—after her martyrdom in the third century; but about the year 817 her tomb was removed to the church in Rome built upon the site of her palace. On St. Cecilia's day — November 22—these catacombs are illumined and Mass celebrated in the underground chapel which bears her name.

The Pope's crypt which adjoins the chapel of St. Cecilia presents a much less ancient appearance. When discovered in 1854 it was in a ruinous condition, filled with *débris*. On this being



*Underground Gallery in the Catacombs.*

cleared away the roof fell in, and had to be rebuilt, the walls at the same time being strengthened with masonry as a precautionary measure. The fragments of the old marble pillars are still to be seen, as well as some of the tombs and the remains of an altar in marble. This crypt is believed to have been the burial-place of eleven Roman bishops in the third century, some of whose epitaphs have been discovered. A substantial stone staircase which leads to this chamber from the corridor at a higher level contains innumerable inscriptions of pilgrims to this martyrs' shrine, recording their names and feelings in much the same way as the modern tourist of a certain type is wont to do when visiting famous spots.

In a walk through the catacombs these inscriptions, together with numerous epitaphs, prove a continual source of interest. Scratched in the stone, they are not very legible, but the monk who acts as guide is familiar with most of them and readily translates the Greek or Latin. Most of the names are classical in form, but a few of later date indicate that the writers have come from England, Germany, Spain, and other countries. The *graffiti* in the catacombs of St.



*Three Saints painted in a Shaft of the Crypt of St. Cecilia.*

Sebastian clearly show that, unlike every other part of this underground city, they were never wholly forgotten, but continued to be visited during the Middle Ages. One remarkable inscription, for instance, declaring, "There is light in this darkness, there is music in these tombs," is dated A. D. 1321.

Many of the epitaphs, with their pictorial accompaniments, have been removed from the catacombs to various museums. Enough remain, however, constantly to engage one's attention, it now being the rule to leave everything in the position in which it is found.

The language of the pictures in the catacombs usually has reference to the name and occupation of the deceased. Above the following inscription, for instance, is drawn the figure of a lion: "Pontius Leo made this for himself while living." An epitaph to a maiden of the name of Navira is illustrated by the outline of a ship, and so on. When the name of the deceased does not lend itself to such pictorial treatment, his occupation is often suggested. Thus, one tomb has painted upon it the picture of a vine-dresser, clothed in a Roman tunic, and bearing a mattock (or spade) upon his shoulder, near him being a cask of wine.



*Painting of St. Sixtus and another Bishop, near the Tomb of St. Cornelius.*

On others are depicted the implements of a wool-comber and the tools of a carpenter, having much the same appearance as those which are used to-day. In the same way can be distinguished the tombs of early Christians who were bakers, shoemakers, grocers, wood-cutters, sculptors, etc.

The more elaborate pictures to be seen in the catacombs almost all relate to the Christian's faith, having probably been executed for the purpose of religious instruction. If none of these pictures had been removed to museums, etc., a few days' tour in this subterranean Rome would have made one acquainted with the whole biblical story. Adam and Eve's temptation and fall, Noe in the ark, the life of Moses, the ascension of Elias, Daniel and the lions, Jonas and the whale, the miracles and parables of Christ—all are illustrated on these walls in a way which interests the theologian, the artist, and the tourist alike. Many critics belittle the art to be seen in the best preserved of these frescoes, but they have for all mankind a curious significance.

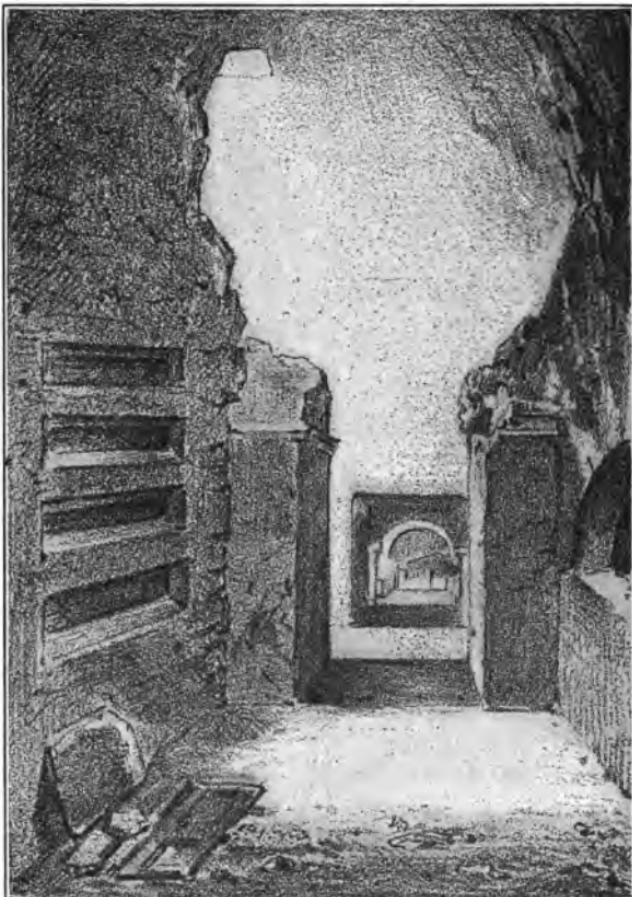
Some thousands of epitaphs have been deciphered and the number is constantly being added to. Some are finely carved in the stone, many are but mere scrawls. They vary very



A Fresco on the Wall behind the Basilica of SS. Nereus and Achilleus.

much in style and length, those of the earlier dates being shortest and simplest. Many curious and a few important facts can be inferred from them. For instance, the frequency of the name of Constantine during the reign of that Emperor indicates that the feeling which leads some proud parents nowadays to christen their sons after President Roosevelt was very prevalent at Rome in the third and fourth centuries. Much can be learned concerning the domestic relations in those early centuries from these *in memoriam* notices written by parents of their children, by children of their parents, by husbands and wives.

The catacombs have likewise yielded much interesting information concerning the ancient world, by means of the various relics which have been found in them. From time to time have been found a great number of lamps, used in illuminating the crypts and corridors, and drinking-vessels of glass and earthenware, which from their ornamentation, are supposed to have been introduced into the catacombs on festive occasions. Likewise a good many implements and tools used in excavating the tombs and carving the epitaphs. Of still greater interest are the



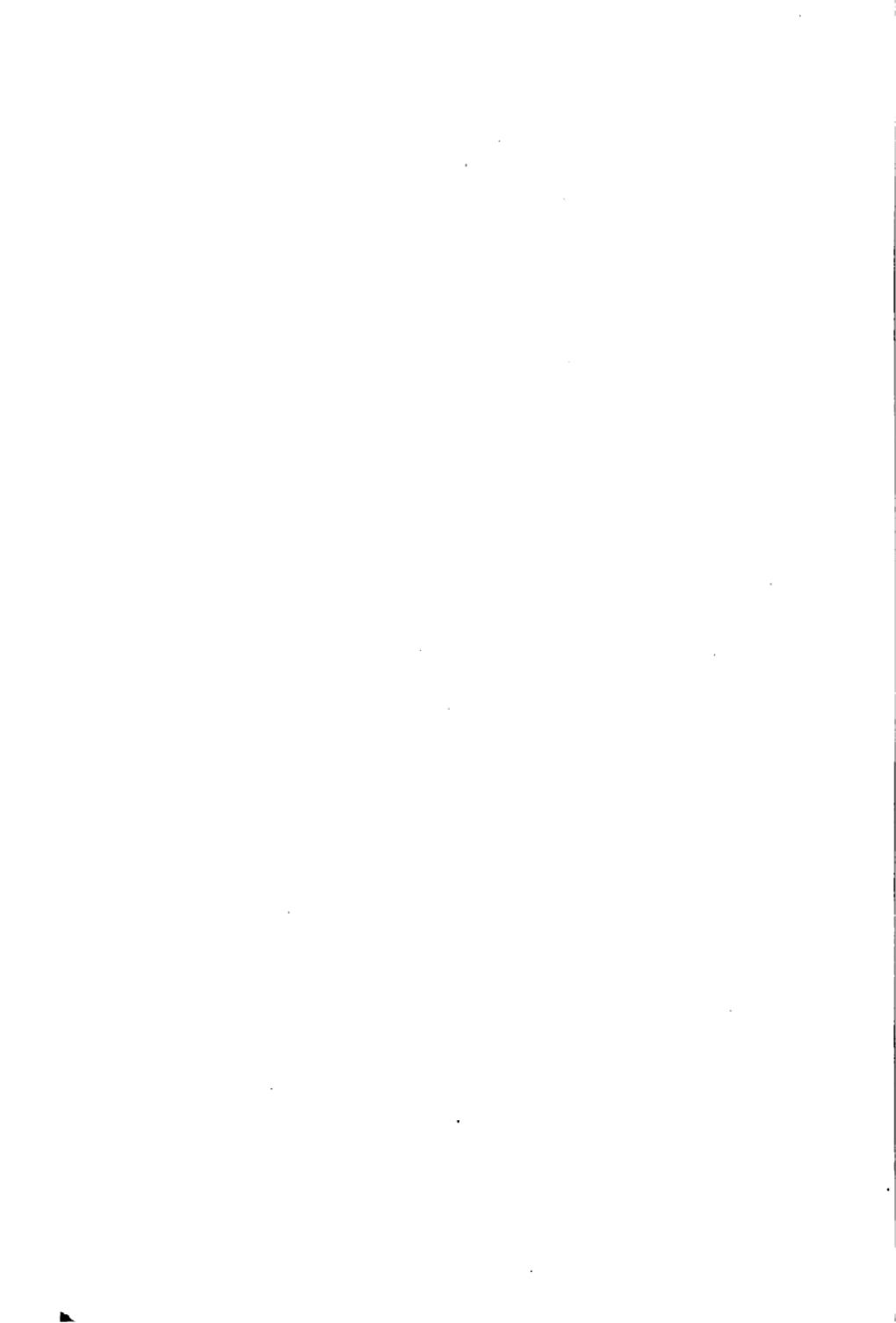
*Gallery in the Cemetery of St. Agnes.*

rings, many having monograms and seals, which it was customary to bury with the bodies. Dolls and other toys found in children's graves are the most pathetic of all these relics, and the resemblance between them and those of to-day seem to bring the remote past very near.

It is now generally considered that the catacombs were originally made by the Roman Christians for the purpose of burying their dead instead of cremating them according to the Roman law. In the time of persecution the catacombs, first excavated separately on private estates of the wealthier Christians, were connected with each other to facilitate their usefulness as an asylum and means of escape. Every fresh discovery in the catacombs has strengthened these views. But for a long time many authorities held that they were originally excavated as stone quarries by the pagan Romans themselves.

Whatever their actual origin may have been, the usefulness of the catacombs as hiding-places has been more than once historically demonstrated. It was there that the conspirators of Rienzi's time assembled, but Rienzi himself, just before his assassination, could not be per-

suaded by his friends to take refuge in their darksome depths. When Napoleon was crowned King of Italy, the Pope was preparing to retire to the catacombs, from fear of the measures which the despot would take against the Vatican.



## Japanese Ware

IMPOVERISHED by the civil wars that spread their blood-red banners over the island kingdom in the latter part of the last century, the daimios and territorial nobles of Japan, strong in their convictions and fanatical in their bravery, hesitated at no step, however great the sacrifice involved, to aid the cause for which they fought. In their extremity they turned to the treasures that had been bequeathed to them from long lines of ancestors, to which they had added, and which they had carefully preserved, protecting them from the hands of foreigners.

The homes of the nobility were crowded with examples of the best lacquer work, bronzes and ceramics produced by Japanese artificers throughout the ages that had passed since first they learned the elements of those arts from the Chinese. Money and influence of every sort had hitherto been brought to bear upon them without success, and it was internecine strife that finally secured for the world at large the seemingly unattainable. In order to obtain funds to carry

on the wars, their art collections were sacrificed. As a result, an astonishing quantity of Japanese ware suddenly made its appearance upon the markets of Europe and America.

While the deductions of "experts" are sometimes to be taken with a grain of salt, "where there is much smoke, there must be some fire," and those who are accounted well informed are almost unanimous in asserting that Japanese artists have at all times imitated instead of creating. They maintain that, although broken pottery dating from prehistoric times has been unearthed in Japan, even this does not antedate the time when the natives, through Korea, first came in contact with the Chinese and their art. Then, too, the industrial history of Nippon since American firmness opened her ports to general commerce has proved that, although the Japanese copy with exceeding cleverness the products of the Western world, they rarely initiate. The "fire," therefore, is evident, and we must perforse dub the energetic subjects of the Mikado "imitators."

When the collections of the noble houses were thrown upon the market, connoisseurs decided that there was little to be learned from Japan in



*Mixing Clay in Vats.*

the way of porcelain; but it was admitted that the flowery kingdom had outstripped its ancient tutor in hard pottery. In this, whether highly finished and decorated, or rough and apparently careless in design, the student was found to excel the master, for it showed wonderful independence of spirit, boldness, and ease of manipulation on the part of the village potters.

While many of the productions of ancient days are admirable in their way, and of great value on account of their antiquity, the accepted date of the beginning of fine art in Japan is the end of the seventh century of our era.

During the nineteenth century there was a decided change in all the arts; they became much more sumptuous than ever before; decoration increased and became more varied; architecture became richer in detail, while brilliancy of coloring and variety of design in the minor decorative arts, including pottery, with which this article has particularly to do, became absolutely bewildering.

Porcelain has been made by the Chinese for many centuries. The date of its first manufacture is not fixed. The earliest piece that can be dated was made during the time of the Sung



*A Satsuma Painter executing Superb Piece Work.*

dynasty—between 960 and 1068—but all Chinese history points to a much earlier discovery. In Europe, notwithstanding repeated efforts, extending over hundreds of years, it was only in 1710 that the ingredients were discovered by Boettger, and the manufacture begun. The first production of porcelain in Japan was at Arita in the province of Hizin, on the island of Kiushiu, where Gorodayu Shonsui set up a kiln after his return from China, where he had learned the art of porcelain-making. This was in 1520.

To-day, while there are kilns in almost every hamlet, the southern portion of this island still holds the foremost place in the production of the beautiful ware. In this section of the island, famed in the annals of Christianity as the landing-place of St. Francis Xavier, who, in 1549, began the missionary labors that met with such success, Satsuma, perhaps the best known of all Japanese ware, had its origin.

Satsuma is a fine kind of semi-porcelain, very well known in the United States. The enamel is of light straw color, the surface covered with a network of fine cracks. Red and green colors and dulled gold are used in its decoration. Artistic specimens of Satsuma are valuable, and are



*Potter at his Wheel fashioning fine Kyoto Porcelain.*

highly prized by collectors, but the commercial spirit has invaded Japan, and the markets of the world are to-day flooded with cheap and imitation ware masquerading under the title.

The names of many of the small towns of Japan have become known to the world because of their pottery. Kioto, the capital of the country before the Shogunate was established and the court transferred to Tokio, in 1868, produces porcelain and Cloisonné enameled ware. Here, too, much Satsuma is brought from surrounding towns for decoration. Awata, a village in the suburbs of Kioto, is famous for its yellow pottery, "Tamago Yaki," or "eggware," which was invented in the seventh century. The Sakatani pottery is also well known among connoisseurs. At these works Cloisonné, both high class and cheap export ware, is the chief product.

There are two methods of using the decorative quality of enamel: that which covers the whole surface, and that which is applied to another surface so as to form with it a sort of mosaic pattern. In Limoges, for instance, the enamel is applied to a plate of metal for the purpose of affording a ground for painting; this is an example of the first method. Again,



*Removing Pottery from Kiln at Kinkosan Works.*

there are two methods of applying the second treatment when used in connection with métal; and these are known as the Cloisonné and the Champlevé methods. Cloisonné consists in building up very thin partitions on the metal surface, the field being divided into small compartments, each of which is afterwards filled with enamel. It is from these partitions ("cloisons" in French) that the ware receives its name. According to the Champlevé method the surface of the metal itself is engraved out in small spaces or hollows; after this the treatment is the same as in Cloisonné.

In both cases the enameled portions are separated by thin metal lines. As a rule the hard finished enamel is ground down until metal and enamel form a continuous surface, and then the two coincident surfaces, the metal and enamel, are polished together. Occasionally, however, particularly in Oriental Cloisonné, the hollows are partially filled, or more than filled, and very artistic effects thereby secured. In the older examples, both Japanese and Chinese, the partitions are of appreciable size, but recently Japanese Cloisonné shows the cloisons reduced to the slenderest proportions.



*Master Cloisonné Craftsman of the World.*

It is difficult to say, as between the Chinese and Japanese, which excels in Cloisonné, but the older specimens of Chinese work are better than the older pieces of Japanese ware.

Cloisonné is frequently, but incorrectly, called *faience*. While some authorities maintain that the base may be of metal, *faience* is properly an earthenware of coarse fabric covered with an opaque enamel, upon which decoration may be applied with paint that can be vitrified, and fired. In the process of manufacture there are three entirely distinct operations: the molding and firing of the original clay, sometimes no more delicate than an ordinary flower-pot; the covering with enamel, consisting at times of mere dipping, and subjecting this to the action of fire; and finally the decoration. The term "faience" is therefore incorrectly used when it is applied to any ware that is not entirely covered with enamel; even crackled Satsuma may not properly be included; and certainly neither Cloisonné nor Champlevé may be so called.

While we are on the subject of that enamel treatment which forms a mosaic pattern, it may be interesting to note that in Europe Cloi-



*Girls enameling cheap Cloisonné for Export at the Takatau Factory.*

sonné and Champlevé work were common among the Gauls of pre-Roman and Roman days, and were used in decorative church plate, in the metal parts of costumes, belt buckles and the like, and even in large shrines and altar pieces as late as the thirteenth century.

Champlevé work was used principally in the dominions of the Eastern Empire in Europe. At times both methods were employed in the same piece. The famous Pala D'Oro of St. Mark's church, Venice, is a frame almost seven feet in height, twelve feet long, divided into about eighty compartments of different forms and sizes, each filled with a single figure or figure subject, the whole of silver gilt and gold combined, and adorned throughout with enameling. Most of it is in Champlevé, though there is some Cloisonné. The "Shrine of the Three Kings," a far-famed piece, in the cathedral at Cologne, is of Champlevé enamel.

The origin of both methods is Chinese; and Japan may well be called their foster-mother. The art collections of to-day boast large numbers of excellent examples—many of them invaluable; but, as is the case with Satsuma ware, there are numerous imitations of no artistic or intrinsic



*Firing-fremen watching at Kilns.*

value; one can secure them for a song at the so-called "auctions" in New York and other large cities.

The work of Y. Nanukawa is highly valued. One of the photographs reproduced upon these pages shows this eminent artist, the master Cloisonné craftsman of the world, in his workshop, superintending the production of the most artistic articles of this ware.

We have, of course, merely touched upon a subject that could not be adequately treated in a volume. Every town—indeed every pottery—in the wonderful little kingdom that has so lately taken its place among the great nations of the world has some special point of interest, some individual merit resulting from centuries of study; every stamped piece of Japanese pottery is a valuable addition to a collection, and, whether an antique or a production of recent date, it is worthy of preservation, for, imitators though they may be, the Japanese are recognized to-day as the master potters of the world.

# The Castled Rhine

(Illustrated by stereographs, copyright, 1902, by H. C. White & Co.)

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“As the Rhine flows,” wrote Lord Lytton, “so flows the national genius, by mountain and valley, the wildest solitude, the sudden spires of ancient cities, the mouldering castle, the stately monastery, the humble cot. Grandeur and homeliness, history and superstition, truth and fable succeeding one another so as to round into a whole!” And it is in the castles of the noble river that one finds the truest exponent of the medieval spirit of the German fatherland. Haughtily ensconced upon their crags, overlooking the valleys below, frowning upon the peaceful trade of the cities and the industrious toil of the humbler villages, the castles exemplified the proud attitude of their owners toward burgher and peasant life.

So beautiful is the blue river sweeping beneath the one and beside the other class, that it seems as if it should have joined rather than separated

their interests. It is the fairest river in all Europe,

“A blending of all beauties, streams and dells,  
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, mountain, vine,  
And chiefless castles breaking stern farewells  
From gray but leafy walls where ruin dwells.”

From the university town of Bonn to the thriving city of Mayence, the greatest beauty lies, and along the river in that portion the most charming scenery is linked with all that is romantic in story, song and legends. Of these not the least interesting are the legends which twine about the “Seven Mountains,” the far-famed Drachenfels. The Dragon’s Rock rises from the river bank and is crowned with a castle built in the eleventh century by Arnold, Archbishop of Cologne. Many years before his grace the Archbishop hallowed the spot with his residence, legend tells that a mighty dragon dwelt in a cavern at the foot of the hill and exacted toll from all who passed. A Christian maiden was finally thrown to him, to appease his ferocious appetite, and he retired in terror to his cavern when she made the sign of the cross. Emboldened by this, and determined to rescue the fair damsel from her terrible plight, a noble knight, Siegfried, came to her rescue, and

with his magic sword fought gloriously with the dragon, slaying him, when, bathing in his blood, the warrior became invincible. So runs the



*Island of Nonnenwerth and Drachenfels Mountain, from Rolandseck on the Rhine, Germany.*

legend which Wagner has woven into the third of his series, "The Ring of the Niebelungen Lied." The wine from the magnificent old vineyards perched upon this hillside is still called "Drachenblut."

Not far below Drachenfels is the little island of Nonnenwerth, an isle of dainty green where was once a celebrated convent, suppressed in 1802. The finest view of both Drachenfels and Nonnenwerth is obtained from Rolandseck, a charming little place upon the opposite bank, embracing views of the whole river. It is surrounded by villas and gardens, residences of the wealthy, modern and complete, and all that is left of the old castle of Rolandseck is a ruined arch far back upon the hillside. It is in connection with this castle that there arose the romantic legend of Roland and Hildegunde. Roland of Angers, nephew of the mighty Charlemagne, seeking adventures upon the Rhine, found shelter one night at the castle of Drachenfels, where dwelt Heribut and his lovely daughter. Completely captivated by her beauty and grace, the doughty Roland forgot to chant of war's alarms and remained to sing chansons to his lady, the suitor of Hildegunde. Alas! News came that the Moors were devastating northern Spain, and Roland hastened home, swearing fidelity to his beloved and vowing to return. In the battle of Roncesvalles he was wounded by an Arab and left for dead upon the field, and the news was brought to Hildegunde that her lover was no more.

"Earthly suitor will I never have!" she cried.  
"But I shall hie me to a nunnery there to pray  
for the soul of him I so much loved!" and she went



*Castle Lahneck on the Rhine, Germany.*

to Nonnenwerth to take the vows. Roland, however, was not dead, and when his wound healed he hastened back to Drachenfels to claim his bride, only to find that the final vows were made and she was the bride of Heaven.

In despair he sought the tower upon the hill-side which overlooked the convent garden. Gazing down he could see the roof covering her he loved; at times he could even see her walking with the nuns in the garden.

"Not for me," he cried, "was this flower so fair and pure, but for a Lord mightier than I. His will be done!"

There he lived and watched, and one day he saw a funeral train pass out of the convent gates to the burying-ground and word was brought to him that Hildegunde was dead. He never spoke nor smiled again, but sat and gazed upon the last resting-place of his beloved, until one day his squire found him seated as usual, gazing toward Nonnenwerth, his faithful eyes glazed in death.

With Drachenfels begins the true glory of the Rhine, and it is difficult to conceive of a picture of more varied beauty than the noble river, a sheet of rippling blue, with the vineyards of silvery green, its mountain crags crowned with historic, world-famous castles. They are famous in history, too, and perhaps none had a more checkered career than Ehrenbreitstein, one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. It is eminently

fitted for defence, both in natural position and artificial defences. Standing upon a rock three hundred and ninety feet above the swirling river,



*Castle Neuschwanstein, built by King Ludwig II., Bavarian Alps,  
Germany.*

it was once a Roman camp, rebuilt in 1160 and repaired by the Elector John, Margrave of Baden, who built a well two hundred and eighty feet deep. Many have been the vicissitudes of this inter-

esting fortress. In 1795, it was blockaded by General Marceau for a month; in 1796, it was twice blockaded; in 1798, the French reduced it to famine, and on its evacuation in 1801, they blew up its defences. Since then enormous sums have been expended by the Prussians in reconstructing its defences, and it has been called the "Gibraltar of the Rhine."

Not far from Ehrenbreitstein is the Castle of Lahneck, handsomely restored, and once one of the finest structures of the Middle Ages. Perched high upon a wooded crag it overlooked the Rhine, shut in by rocky shores, where to-day picturesque ruins seem to vie with one another. Cleverly restored, Lahneck is a perfect example of the medieval fortress residence, yet, splendid as it is, one sees that the homes of those days were built without a thought for the comfort of those stay-at-homes whose resting-place they were, save as comfort depended upon keeping out such predatory birds as flew to their eyries. Overlooking Neiderlahnstein, Lahneck was in the vine country, and the village of Neiderlahnstein is at the mouth of the River Lahn, a pleasant village boasting little save the very old church of St. John upon its outskirts, restored in 1857. The



*The Castle of Marksburg, Germany.*

valley where nestles Neiderlahnstein is a fruitful one, skirting

“The winding Rhine  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine,  
And hills all thick with blossomed trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,  
And scattered cities crowning these  
Whose fair white walls along them shine.”

Not far from Lahneck is the arrogant castle of

Stoltzenfels. Built in 1250, it was for years the residence of the Archbishop of Treves. In 1688 it was destroyed by the French, and long lay in ruins until it was presented to the late King of Prussia by the town of Coblentz. Superbly remodeled, it is handsomer than many of its more picturesque neighbors along the castled Rhine, and it would seem to be an ideal spot to which royalty might withdraw from the troubles of public life. Here the King of Prussia entertained Queen Victoria in 1845, and many state personages have enjoyed the beautiful frescoes of the interior, the curiosities and the rare old pictures, and more still the magnificent view of the lovely valley looking toward Coblentz.

Well done as was the remodeling—and no expense was spared to recreate a medieval castle—yet there are anachronisms, out of place, yet not to be prevented if the castle was to be made habitable. The windows which let in the glorious sunlight, and permit the inmates to view the magnificent sweep of hill and vale and river are scarce consistent with the memory of days when there was no glass, and archers shot from the narrow lancet openings of the stronghold.

The castle of Liebenstein, and its twin, Ster-

renberg, called the "Two Brothers" have a curious legend connected with them, a legend with a fair lady and a lover as all such legends should have.



*Rheinstein, the most famous Castle on the Rhine, Germany.*

Two brothers, Conrad and Heinrich, fell in love with their foster-sister, Hildegarde, and the younger brother gave up the suit in favor of the older and departed to the Crusades in the Holy Land. Conrad grew cold in his affections and

went to the wars, returning with a Grecian bride, at which Hildegarde, slighted and heart-broken, retired to her castle. Here she wept alone till



*Falkenburg Castle, formerly famous as a Robbers' Stronghold,  
Germany.*

Heinrich's return, and he, discovering his brother's perfidy, challenged him to a mortal combat. Hildegarde interfered and brought the two brothers to a reconciliation, when she retired to a

convent at Bornhofen and the brothers lived in peace in their two castles.

Below Liebenstein is the charming little village



*Heimburg Castle, above the Village of Neiderheimbach on the Rhine, Germany.*

of Welmich, and rising behind it the ruined castle of Thurmberg, called "the Mouse." Hidden behind a tangle of fern, barberry, thyme, mallow, and mullion plants, it is a charming bit of medi-

val life, and the view from its castellated heights is one of the most attractive on the Rhine. The castle was called "the Mouse" by the doughty knights of Katzenelnbogen, sneering at Kuno von Falkenstein, who built it in 1354. They called their castle the "Cat's Castle," and, built by Count Johann in 1393, it lies near its rival.

Below lies the Lorelei's Rock, famed in song and story. Beside it is the whirlpool into which the boatmen would be dashed who stayed to listen to the fairy maiden's song of allurement, a song which none could resist and which Heine has so beautifully woven into verse in his lines beginning,

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten  
Das ich so traurig bin."

Near to the Lorelei rock is the rock of the "Seven Sisters," the last of a range of rocks which, legend says, were once seven entrancingly lovely maidens, turned into stone for their hard-hearted treatment of their many suitors.

Extensive slate quarries are worked near the little town of Caub, walled with its medieval watch-tower overlooking all newcomers with stern and inhospitable brow. A round tower with

lookout windows on every side, it served as a coign of vantage not to be despised. Above the town rises the square-towered, stern-browed



*Medieval Watch Tower and Gutenfels Castle, Kaub on the Rhine,  
Germany.*

castle of Gutenfels, only lately fallen into ruin, and one of the most picturesque castles on the Rhine. It stands,

"As stands a mighty mind,  
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,  
All tenantless save to the crannying wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the crowd.  
There was a day when it was young and proud,  
Banners on high and battles passed below,  
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
And those who warred are shredless dust ere now,  
And the bleak battlements shall hear no future blow."

Vine-clad hills slope upward to its heights, and the castle crowns a steep cliff above the river. Impregnable was its situation, and the watch-tower below saved it from surprise townwards, while to Nature was added on the river side, the old toll house, the Pfalz, past which nothing hostile could go without declaring its intent. The Pfalz was a building erected upon rocks and surrounded by dangerous looking slabs of granite.

Access to its interior was by means of a small ladder only through a strongly barricaded door, so that a small garrison would have sufficed to hold the tower. Weird and desolate is the spot, and the dungeons deep beneath the water are dark and dim. The sound "of the restless deep's release, from sunlight tumult to a starlit peace," must have been ever in the ears of the unfortunates

confined here. Desolate as is this quaint tower of olden times, here for centuries have been born the heirs of the Palatinate, and the story runs that a certain princess having refused the proposals of



*Castle Furstenburg and the Rhine, looking South, Germany.*

the Emperor Henry VI. and married the man of her choice, fled to this tower and here her son was born. Whereupon the Emperor decreed that all heirs to the Palatinate should thereafter

take their first glimpse of life in this dread place.

In Gutenfels Castle, frowning above the Pfalz, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III. of England, who was one of the aspirants to the imperial crown of Germany, wooed and won the lovely Countess Beatrice of Falkenburg.

Perhaps the most famous castle on the Rhine is that of Rheinstein. Not far from the historic Falkenburg, three hundred feet above the river, the castle stands out in a strikingly picturesque pose, its beacon against the sky in haughty dignity which even Time's defacing hand can not impair. Rheinstein was built in the thirteenth century, and is connected with many of the deeds of daring of those warlike years, when,

“Beneath these battlements, within these walls  
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state  
The robber chief upheld his arméd halls,  
Doing his evil will, not less elate,  
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.”

The dainty Gothic chapel was rebuilt by Prince Frederick of Prussia, and here he lies interred, in a grave almost as near heaven as are the Parsee towers of silence, in a far Eastern land.

The castle is reached by a ferry from Assmannshausen, celebrated for its red Rhine wine, and a

wonderful view is obtained by the pedestrian venturesome enough to climb the Rossel, a tower on the heights above the town.

From Furstenburg is obtained one of the finest



*Ruined Castle of Rheinfels and St. Goar, on the Rhine, Germany.*

views of the Rhineland. This castle was destroyed by the vandal French in 1689, and has never been remodeled, so it is one of the best examples of the ancient castles in all this region. With the castle

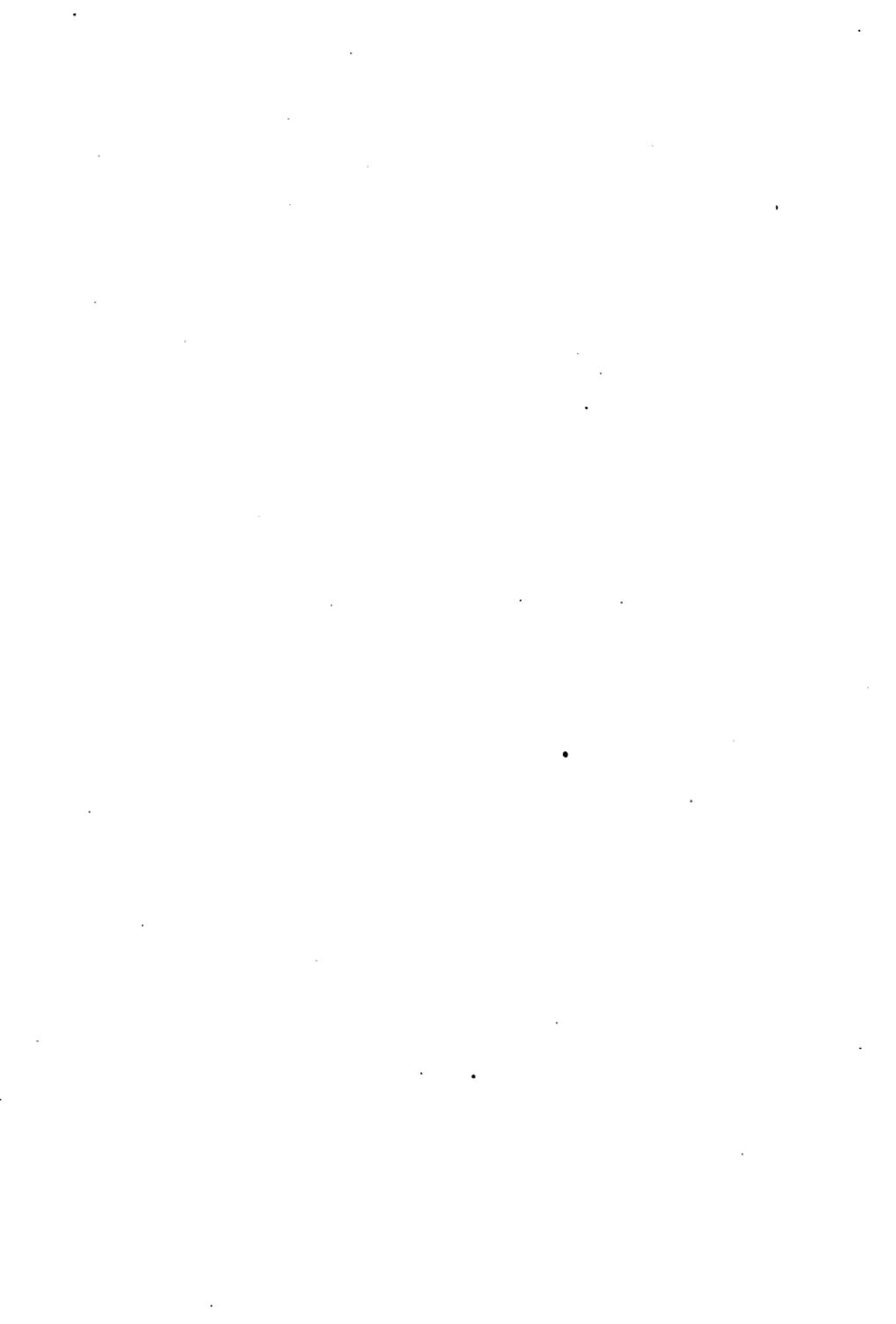
of Falkenburg, also demolished by the French, it is strikingly picturesque and the limpid river flowing below the white town beyond, still further the everlasting hills and the sky of German corn-flower blue, make a scene of rare beauty. Not far away is the village of Niederheimbach with its picturesque ruin of Heimbach, in the celebrated region of the Rhinegau, the chief wine-growing district of the Rhine country, and it is interesting to note how the cultivation is carried on.

It takes unlimited patience to till the sides of the hills, and it can be done only at a great amount of labor and expense. All the soil must be carried up by manual labor and ranged upon terraces built upon the face of the rock. The work is done by both men and women, a cheerful, contented set of people, industrious and thrifty.

The culture of the vine was begun in the Rhine country by the Romans, and Rhine wines have been famous ever since. Many of the vineyards are seventy acres in extent and have realized for their fortunate owners an income of as much as a hundred thousand dollars a year.

It seems a particular benison of Mother Nature

that a spot so beautiful and picturesque should still be so practically utilized, yet thus it is, for use and beauty, practical and picturesque, go hand in hand beside the castled Rhine.



## Truck Farming

It has come to be the case that almost every city and town of any size at all in the United States has fresh vegetables practically the year round. When one stops to think of the difference the last decade has made in this regard it seems almost incredible that so great progress should have been achieved in so short a time. The men who have brought about this situation, who have made it possible for the family of limited means to enjoy as every-day food what in former years were luxuries, are the vegetable farmers, more often called truck farmers.

Vegetable or truck farming is simply market-gardening on a large scale. It is not easy exactly to define the truck crops, but the best definition is that they include almost everything classed under the head of garden produce and small fruits. The modern improved methods in agriculture known as intensive farming have nearly all had their origin in the hands of the vegetable farmer or market-gardener. The amount of money invested by this class of workers extends

far into the millions, for to be successful the professional vegetable grower must be able to command at least \$100 capital for every acre that he farms.

One of the earliest centers for the development of truck farming in its present sense was along the shores of Chesapeake Bay, where fast-sailing oyster boats were employed for sending the produce to the neighboring markets of Baltimore and Philadelphia. In a similar way the gardeners about New York early began pushing out along Long Island, using the waters of the Sound for transporting their products. The trucking region on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan is another example of the effect of convenient water transportation in causing an early development of this industry. In the early sixties a considerable number of people moved into southern Illinois, mostly in the neighborhood of Cobden, Union County, for the purpose of planting orchards, being attracted by the high prices obtainable in the Chicago markets.

While waiting for their orchards to come into bearing, these people tried experiments with vegetables and small fruits. Meeting with success, especially with strawberries, tomatoes, and



*Picking Dutch Coll Knife Beans.*

sweet potatoes, the business assumed considerable proportions. With the close of the Civil War, and the subsequent opening up of direct lines of railroad North and South, the business gradually

extended from this center to various parts of Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas. Mobile and New Orleans were early noted for their market gardens, and with the advent of rapid transportation they soon became important shipping centers. In the East the business gradually extended down the Atlantic coast from the Peninsula to Norfolk, and then to Charleston, Savannah, and Florida.

This steady progress from the North Southward has been largely due to the effort to produce earlier and still earlier crops, so as to take advantage of the high prices prevailing at the first of the season. It is now recognized, however, that the far South can not compete with more Northern localities at the same season, so far as most crops are concerned. For instance, when Mississippi tomatoes commence moving freely they take the market from Florida shippers. In turn Mississippi is forced out by Tennessee and Southern Illinois, the latter holding the Northern markets until the home-grown supplies come in. One reason that would seem to set a limit to the indefinite expansion of vegetable farming in the far South is the more limited consumption of most vegetables during the winter months. It is true



*Fields of Onion Seed.*

that a small quantity of almost any vegetable out of season always commands a fancy price, but a much less quantity can be sold even at a small price than in the summer, when the human system seems to more imperatively demand these succulent foods. Notwithstanding these evident limitations, the greatest expansion of vegetable farming during the last decade has been in the far South, Florida and southern Texas.

The great bulk of all vegetable shipments are from South to North in order to supply the great Northern cities with what they demand before vegetables can be produced by the Northern gardeners. The business is, however, by no means confined to this Northward movement. Vast quantities of Northern grown potatoes, cabbages, onions, and celery are sold in the Southern States every winter.

Some of the principal centers for vegetable farming are: Beginning at the North and East there is first Long Island, and then the Peninsula, including Delaware, parts of New Jersey, and the portions of Maryland and Virginia lying east of Chesapeake Bay. Following down the Atlantic coast, comes Charleston, Norfolk, and Savannah, each the center of an important trucking district.



*The Tomato for which Crystal Springs, Miss., is famous.*

The State of Florida is another district. Extending from north Florida up to middle Georgia is the great watermelon region. Then comes Mobile, and the adjoining territory in south Alabama, and

New Orleans, with the Delta region of Louisiana. Along the Texas coast the increase in vegetable farming has been notable. Passing north, vegetable growing is found established at various points in Mississippi, chief among these being Crystal Springs, the greatest tomato-shipping point in the world.

Further north is the west Tennessee district, the melon region of southeast Missouri, and the long established center in southern Illinois. Still farther north is the important district about Muscatine, Iowa, and the famous Benton Harbor region in Michigan noted for its grapes. Vegetable and small-fruit growing are by no means confined to the areas mentioned, as there are many other points with almost equal claims for recognition. Most of these districts grow a great variety of garden produce, but there are points that have become famous for some specialty, like Kalamazoo, Michigan, for celery, and Rocky Ford, Colorado, for cantaloupes.

The transportation question is one of prime importance to the vegetable grower. Points where water transportation is available have a decided advantage over those which depend on rail-shipments alone. All vegetable shipments



*Gathering Blackberries for City Shipments.*

went by express formerly, and this method is still employed for small lots, especially early in the season, when prices are high. The heavier and more bulky vegetables have always gone by

freight where water transportation was not available. At first, shippers were obliged to use either common box cars or the rough open cattle cars, although neither was suited to the purpose. The box cars were too tight and excluded the air so completely as to produce heating while the cattle cars were too open, exposing the shipments to the weather. Besides, they were not provided with springs, and the constant pounding and jarring injured the vegetables.

As the vegetable and small-fruit growing business grew in volume and importance, better and better shipping facilities were afforded, finally resulting in the modern ventilated fruit car, with springs and air brakes like a passenger coach, and with many barred openings for ventilation, covered with wire netting to keep out cinders and prevent thieving. With the introduction of these better cars it was found possible to ship by freight even the more delicate products, such as strawberries, to considerable distances, provided care was taken to properly space the packages in loading so as to secure thorough ventilation.

This led to strenuous efforts to have these ventilated freight cars attached to passenger trains and run through on express time. Often this is



*Preparing Hubbard Squashes for Market.*

done, and it is a distinct advance in the evolution of transportation methods. It is still the method in vogue for handling all perishable crops for near markets, and the more resistant ones from all parts of the United States.

One of the most important features of vegetable farming is marketing the crops. In fact it may be called the most important, for it is useless to grow good crops unless they can be sold at a profit. Still, it is said that there are ten vegetable farmers who do not market properly, to one who does. In the early days of such farming all the crops were shipped on commission, and even now many of the more perishable crops are sold this way. For the less perishable and somewhat standard goods, like potatoes and cabbage, the custom is getting to be more and more for dealers to buy from the growers at the shipping point. In some sections this system is being adopted for all kinds of products. California shippers, realizing that selling on commission has its drawbacks, inaugurated a system of auction sales in many of the large cities, which achieved such success that they are still continued.

The big vegetable grower is a product of several conditions. The first of these is climate, the



*The Lettuce Bed.*

second soil, and the third location. The fact that California possesses such a variety of soils and climate induces the growth on a large scale of particular varieties of vegetables, where other

vegetables, planted on the same soil, would be unprofitable. For instance, the Orange County district of California has shown itself to be so superior as a celery-growing region that nothing else is raised there. Three hundred dollars an acre is the average return from a celery farm, and he who has a hundred such acres will be assured of profits which will impress him with the feasibility and success of vegetable farming on a large scale.

Beans, however, will not yield large returns on celery land. They will grow, to be sure, but are not profitable as a large farming investment. As the bean growth draws most of its moisture from the atmosphere, it is planted on the sea coast. In large sections of Ventura and Santa Barbara Counties, California, only beans are produced. From the time this crop is sown until it is gathered it does not receive one drop of rain.

On the peat lands of the Sacramento River are many large vegetable farms. These farm lands are the most peculiar in the State, as they consist of reclaimed swamp. They are cut by the river courses into islands, varying from mere mud banks to stretches of sixty thousand acres. Here are vast asparagus fields, wide tomato ranches, and endless cabbage lands. Great fields of salsify, or



*Pumpkins ready for Market.*

oyster plant, are spread here, and one might walk a day without putting his foot on ground save that which contains an onion.

Successful results in growing these vegetables on such a large scale are made possible only by the employment of the wonderful agricultural machinery that Yankee ingenuity has devised of late years. Throughout the work of bean farming there is no hand labor. The ground is broken up with gang plows and stirred with sulky cultivators, and the beans are drilled in by horse power. The vines are reaped by a reaper, loaded on a header wagon, carried to a dump pile, and threshed out with a thresher worked by an engine.

Down among the celery banks the rows are run by horse power. On the asparagus plains plants are cut with reaping machines, which snap off the tender points, gather them into sacks and drop them along the rows like harvesters. In fact the fingers of machinery deal almost exclusively with all vegetables that are grown on a large scale.

An idea of the enormous amount of seed required in the business of vegetable growing is shown by the advice given by a famous seed expert to persons who grow large quantities of



*The Cabbage Patch.*

vegetables. He advises that for beets, five to six pounds of seed be sown to the acre; snap beans two bushels; cabbage, one ounce for two thousand plants; cucumbers, in hills, two to three pounds; kale, three to four pounds; watermelon, four to five pounds; onions, five to six pounds; peas, two bushels; potatoes, ten to twelve bushels; radishes, eight to ten pounds; spinach, ten to twelve pounds; tomatoes, one ounce for fifteen hundred plants; turnips, one to two pounds. It only requires a little thought to see what a tremendous industry vegetable and small-fruit growing has come to be in this broad land of ours, an industry that gives employment to thousands, and makes of an acre of land a road to prosperity and fortune.

## Making Guns for Our Warships

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Not only in the marts of trade, but in every field of endeavor, competition is the watchword of advance. The man who studies his competitors, no-matter in what direction his energies may be directed, who takes advantage of their ideas, must necessarily be benefited, and produce better results himself. The more constant and strenuous the competition the greater resulting benefit to the business, the art or the science in which it exists.

Such is the condition of civilization to-day that all the nations of the world must needs stand arrayed against one another, must protect their coast against the invader, must send their armored vessels down to the sea. The great nations must send their ships to visit the various ports, to "show the flag" and prove to other countries that their demands are to be listened to with respect and may not be disregarded with impunity.

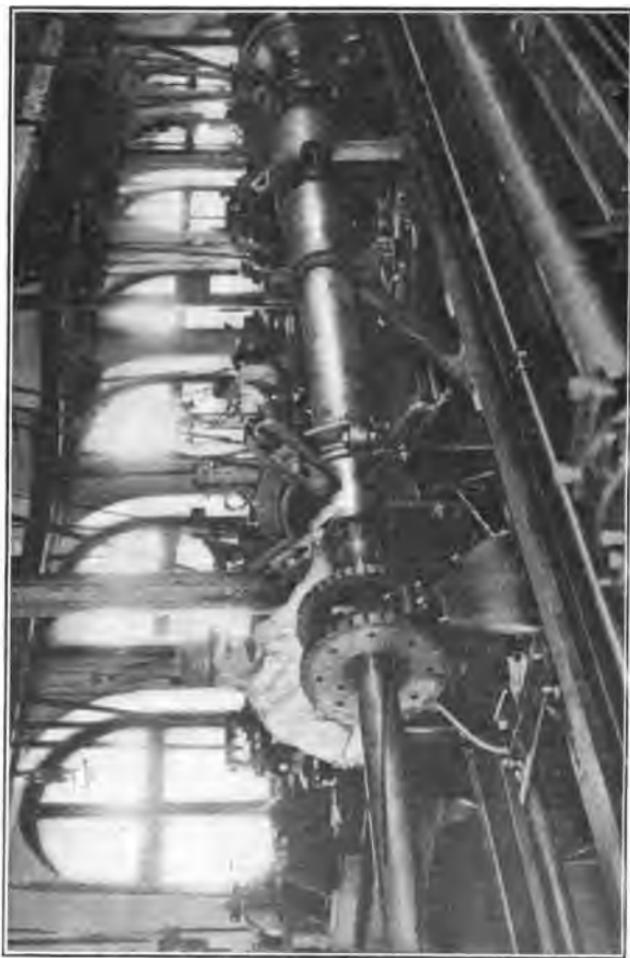
As a natural result, the different nations vie

with one another in the production of warlike instruments; and the rivalry between nations draws into the competition so many master-minds that in no other field is there to be found more wonderful skill, more astonishing ingenuity, than in the making of great guns—those grim steel weapons of destruction whose every line seems to spell death!

Necessarily, each one of them, in every stage of its manufacture, is watched over like a child—from the time when the rich red ore leaves the mine, throughout the conversion of the iron into steel, until the finished gun is given its final test.

Steel is intermediate between cast and malleable iron. There are two methods of producing it. Since its discovery, the Bessemer process, because of its cheapness, has been in general use for the production of the ordinary commercial metal, but the open-hearth process admittedly results in the better grade—hence that method is employed in producing the steel for armor and for guns. For the purpose of this article, it will be sufficient to state that the essential difference between the two lies in the treatment of the iron after the blast furnace is “tapped,” and the molten stream, passing through the incision at its

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*Rifling a Gun.*

base, starts upon its journey into the world of practical use. In the Bessemer process the mass is carried to a contrivance known as a "converter," a huge, egg-shaped receptacle, through which a blast of air is forced until the impurities have been dissipated and the oxygen in the air has combined with all the carbon except the quantity necessary for the formation of steel. This is a much quicker, and consequently cheaper, method than open-hearth converting.

Under the latter plan the iron does not find its way to a converter, but into open-hearth furnaces, immense brick structures somewhat resembling a baker's oven. Here the molten mass is purified and converted by the intense heat generated by the hot fire beneath. It is, of course, impossible to look at the seething cauldron with the naked eye, but, protected by blue glasses, an expert watches its every change of color, until the moment arrives when the ladle, holding thirty or forty tons, is to rise and empty it into the molds. These molds are coffin-shaped, iron boxes of uniform size. Made up into trains, they pass steadily beneath the giant ladle, which fills them automatically, and finally roll away, carrying with them great waves of staggering heat.

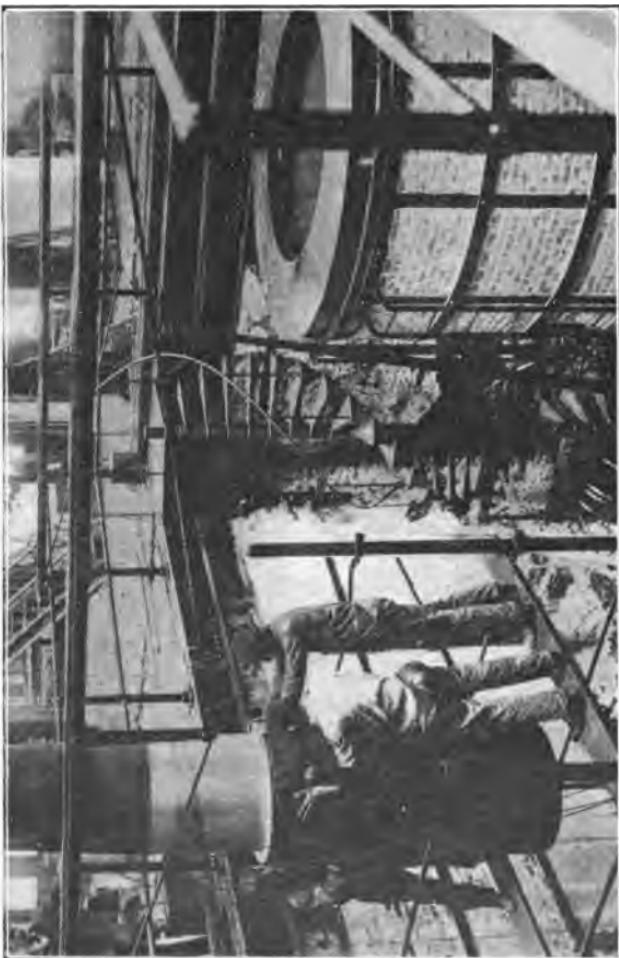


*Boring a Gun.*

When the metal has cooled sufficiently, an iron hand, known as a "stripper," pulls off these molds and leaves it in the shape of blocks or ingots. The ingots are then thrust into the flames to bring them back again to the proper temperature, and this may be called the beginning of the final stage of the conversion of the iron into steel. The subsequent treatment simply governs the shape it will assume—"blocks" or "billets," sheets for armor-plate, or rails.

For the making of these various forms a mill is provided with a wealth of intricate machinery, almost human in action, but incapable of other than technical description.

The metal has now reached the condition in which it is delivered to the gun-casting establishment. He, who has actually traced it thus far will have spent many interesting and some dangerous days. He will have marvelled at the ability of the men to stand the intense heat; he will have thrilled as he thought of the danger incurred by the pygmies guiding the giant stream from the blast-furnaces; he will have shuddered as he gazed at the tiny figure perched above the great tubes into which the ore is poured, risking death from the bursting flame or the gases a



*Jacketting a big Gun.*

hundred times a day, or at that other workman watching the cauldron, waiting for the moment to give the signal that means so many thousands of dollars to his employers—the signal to cut off the heat. Should this last man act a moment too soon or a moment too late the metal will be spoiled. That the watcher has cause for his fear and his shuddering will be proven to him when he sees the quite usual sight of a half a dozen men stretched upon the ground, unconscious from the effects of the heat or gases.

The ingot now has a hole punched through it where the bore of the gun will be, and is ready for forging. In preparation for this kneading process in an immense hydraulic press, the metal is brought to a high temperature again, and a round steel bar, called a "mandrel," is thrust through the hole in the ingot. Upon this bar the casting is molded, by hydraulic machinery, until it has reached approximately the desired shape and thickness in its various parts.

The forging over, the casting is plunged into an oil bath to temper it, annealed, that is to say, hardened in a manner to prevent brittleness, in a wood furnace—and is in shape for final treatment. We have been using the pronoun "it," but "they"



*Boring Hoop for 16-inch Army Gun. Biggest Gun ever made, now at Sandy Hook.*

would be the strictly correct one, for each gun is made up of a number of castings, usually eleven.

Up to the point thus far reached the work has been done by contractors, but now the gun comes under the direct care of the government—for assembling and “machining”—as the final shaping is called.

Needless to say, the machining of immense guns demands enormous power and tools of tremendous strength. The forgings for the tubes alone sometimes weigh forty tons and more. At the Watervliet arsenal, for instance, there are cranes that handle these great weights readily, carrying the forgings from place to place as occasion demands. Mighty turning lathes hold them and revolve them; the bore of the tube is enlarged by tools of corresponding size, while other tools cut and trim them until they have assumed the desired form.

A gun is “built up.” The tube is lowered into a pit holding the hot “jacket,” and held in position until this jacket cools and shrinks around it at the breach, and the hoops that extend from the breech to the muzzle are shrunk on in the same fashion. These operations completed, the powder chamber is bored in the breech, the tube is rifled, that is, its inner surface grooved with

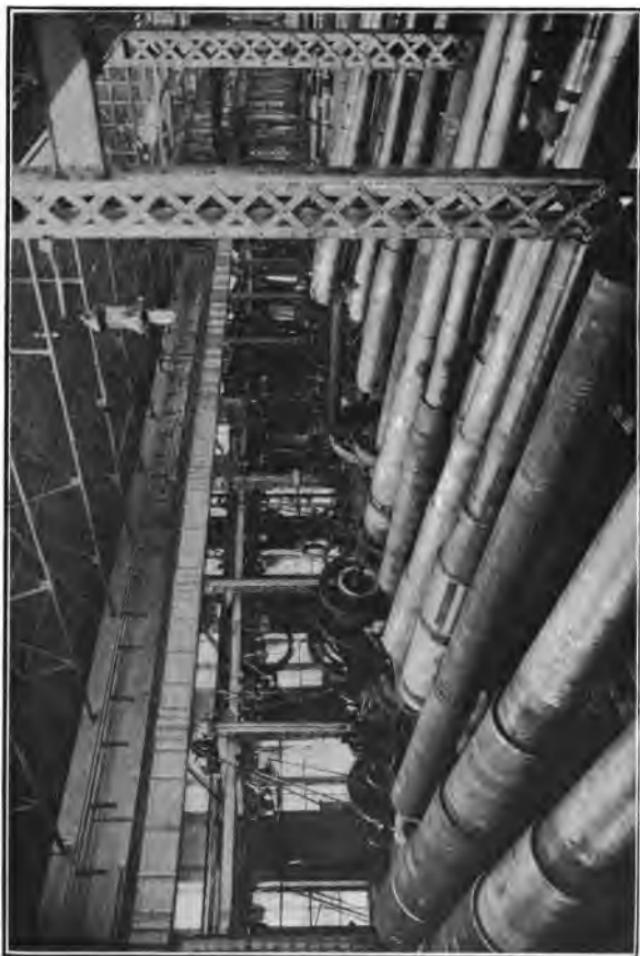


*Cutting down a Jacketed Gun.*

spiral channels to prevent friction on the part of the projectile, the breech mechanism is attached—and the gun is complete, all but the mounting—and this will depend upon the use to which it is to be put.

All this takes time, as may be supposed. So slowly must the work be done, because of the accuracy necessary, that it takes about seven months for the making of an eight-inch gun, ten months for a ten-inch, and more than a year for one of the huge twelve-inch cannon. Notwithstanding all this time and care, after five hundred shots, each of which will cost the government from five hundred to a thousand dollars, the gun will no longer be accurate. In the meantime, however, it will probably have more than paid for itself, because should a shot, let us say from a twelve-inch gun, reach an enemy's ship, what was left of it would be fit only for the junk heap.

Projectiles from these great cannon are effective for a range of many miles. If unopposed, an attacking fleet could anchor outside of Sandy Hook and bombard New York city. Our coasts, however, are protected with guns of larger caliber than those carried by the most powerful warships. The greatest battleships afloat have, as a rule, an



*Big Guns Awaiting completion.*



*Transportation of a 10-inch Gun.*

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*Inspecting 10-inch Guns.*

armament consisting of four twelve-inch, eight eight-inch, and twelve seven-inch guns in addition, of course, to a large number of smaller and rapid-fire cannon. The great sixteen-inch gun, the



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*Loading a Gun.*

most recent addition to our coast defences, weighs one hundred and thirty tons, throws a 2400 pound shell twenty-one miles, each shot costing a thousand dollars, and is absolutely under the control of the man behind it.

We have described only guns of large caliber, but the improvements in the smaller ones have kept pace with, even outdistanced, the develop-



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*Forward Turret and 12-inch Guns on the U. S. Monitor Puritan.*

ments of these powerful cannon. It would seem that human ingenuity could go no further, yet each year brings with it some new and more effective implement of war.

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It may be that there is some truth in the claim that the very effectiveness of ordnance will in the end bring about universal peace, but in the meantime one can not but wonder if the inventors of these death-dealing instruments never awake in the night, their nerves a quiver, their eyeballs starting from their sockets, their hands upheld, endeavoring to shut out from view the visions they have seen!

# The Procession of the Relic of the Precious Blood at Bruges

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WITH the exception of the celebrated Passion Play at Oberammergau, there is perhaps no other religious pageant throughout the continent which attracts so great a concourse of spectators as the annual procession of the "Saint Sang" at Bruges.

Impossible as it is at this distance of time to produce anything like absolutely satisfactory evidence as to its authenticity, the relic preserved at Bruges has certainly a remarkable history, while there can be no question that the religious ceremony which annually commemorates its advent to the town, tends very much to keep alive the spirit of faith and devotion in the hearts of those who witness it.

Forbearing, therefore, from anything in the nature of a critical historical investigation, we

will content ourselves with putting forward the generally accepted tradition, followed by a description of the actual pageant of to-day.

It was in the year 1145, that a nobleman of Flanders, the Count Thierry d'Alsace, fired with the enthusiasm which burned in so many hearts in those days of chivalry, set forth at the head of his retainers to do battle beneath the standard of the cross in Palestine. There, in company with Conrad III. of Germany and Louis VII. of France, he triumphed on many a hard fought field, winning for himself and country a like meed of honor and acclaim to that which a century later was to be awarded to Richard Cœur de Lion.

At the close of the Crusade, Baldwin III., King of Jerusalem, anxious to show him some suitable mark of his token and gratitude, bestowed upon him, with the consent of the Patriarch Foulques, a portion of their most valued possession—some drops of the Precious Blood said to have been collected by St. Joseph of Arimathea, when the body of Our Saviour was being prepared for burial, and handed down from generation to generation until it came into the possession of the Church of Jerusalem.

Whether any reliable testimony beyond that of

tradition exists to show forth the early history of the relic seems very doubtful, but when we remember the care with which the early Christians in the same century collected the very sand of the



*The beginning of the Procession.*

arena which had been stained with the blood of the martyrs, can we wonder that the faithful few who took part in the burial of the King of martyrs should have been eager to secure some relic of the Martyr whom they so loved, and that the

utmost care should have been taken by their successors to insure the preservation of so precious an heirloom?

We may also remark that though many relics of the Precious Blood are venerated in different churches throughout the continent, there are but three which claim to come from Calvary; the remaining two, one at Mantua and another at St. Maximin in Provence, have no such historical basis to support their claims as that which undoubtedly exists in favor of the relic at Bruges. For that it was brought from Palestine in the twelfth century in the manner about to be described and has been in the possession of the town from that date can not, it appears, be questioned.

To return, then, to Thierry d'Alsace. The relic thus confided to the valiant Crusader was enclosed in a small vial sealed and stamped in the presence of the Patriarch, itself encased in a cylinder of crystal fitted at either end with gold caps. Deeming himself unworthy of so sacred a charge, Thierry deputed his chaplain Leontius, a priest of St. Omer's, to carry it to Flanders, he and his followers acting as escort.

Thus was the precious relic brought to Europe.

For a few weeks it found a resting-place in the Count's private chapel and on April 7, 1150, was solemnly transferred to Bruges, where, in spite of the ravages of heretics, necessitating at times



*Joseph led Captive into Egypt.*

its concealment for periods of several years, it has remained to the present day. For nearly two centuries after its arrival in Europe the drops of Blood, which ordinarily presented a congealed appearance, were wont every Friday to become

liquid, a fact to which allusion is made in a Bull of Clement V. in 1330, in which Bull the Pope grants an indulgence of two hundred days to all who shall visit the relic on Good Fridays, or follow the procession formed in its honor; and another of one hundred days for visits made on ordinary Fridays. About this date, however, to the great consternation of the people of Bruges, the miracle ceased, owing it is said, to the criminal action of a man who approached in the spirit of Judas to kiss the relic uttering blasphemies the while.

Upon one other occasion only was the miracle renewed, in the year 1388, when the vial containing the relic was transferred to a more richly decorated reliquary likewise of cylindrical form, the transfer being witnessed by several Bishops and representatives of the clergy who were taking part in the ceremony.

Such, in brief, is the history of the relic as given by the historian Galliard, to whose interesting work\* we must refer the reader in search of further details. Not for six years had such weather been known as that which favored us this

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\* *Recherches Historiques sur la Chapelle du Saint-Sang*, 1846.

year on the fourteenth of May, the day of the procession. It was, in fact, a perfect May day, and from the early hours of the morning people from the country around were crowding into the



*The Child Jesus in the midst of the Doctors.*

town on foot, while at the station, trains of abnormal length were discharging passengers from every part of Belgium. And what a sight were the streets! Quaint medieval thoroughfares, scarcely ever straight, but curving and twisting

to display to full advantage the old-fashioned façades of the houses, they seemed to live as the crowd flowed quietly and peaceably along to take up positions in the different streets along which the procession was to pass. How different, too, from an English crowd! Here the loud voice of the pavement jester, bawling out the latest popular air was not heard; indeed, no voice seemed to be raised above a conversational tone. Another noticeable fact was the absence of police. There was no need for them, for the crowd seemed to manage itself, nevertheless it was a crowd that "knew the ropes," for as the blare of trumpets announced the approach of the vanguard, instead of making way to the sides seeking to secure a good position, as did many of the "green" ones, a number actually lined up in the very middle of the street. The reason was soon apparent. A troop of sixty Lancers with a band of bugles formed the advance guard. Along the ranks rode officers who, using the gentle persuasion of the flanks of their chargers, evidently trained to the maneuver, quietly but irresistibly pushed the crowd back upon the pavement, those who had elected to submit to this indignity thus securing the first places.

The procession itself was divided into three main parts. The first comprised groups from the different parishes, seven in all, illustrating as a rule notable events in the lives of their patron



*Christ and the Apostles followed by the Little Children.*

saints. The second represented persons and scenes from the Old Testament bearing on the coming of the promised Messias, while the third was a series of *tableaux vivants* of the principal mysteries in the life and death of Our Lord.

The parish of St. Mary Magdalen led the way. The group, as in the case of all the subsequent groups, was preceded by an angel bearing an explanatory inscription on an ornamental scroll, in this case the single word Magdalen.

Then came Magdalen herself, the woman of the world, surrounded by a throng of her worldly friends. Next an angel with the inscription, "Who shall roll away the stone?" and Magdalen again appears, clad this time in weeds of mourning followed by the holy women, all bearing spices, ointments, and cloths for the embalming of the body of Christ. Finally she is once more represented in glory surrounded by a choir of ten angels, having completed her conquest of the world.

In the tableau executed by the parish of St. Walburg was a very artistically arranged group, representing the mysteries of the Rosary, composed of children clad in costumes of red, white and yellow, linked together by festoons of ribbons and flowers.

The parish of St. James, too, contributed an original and charmingly simple tableau, showing the Apostle surrounded by twelve little boys carrying nets and lines emblematic of his former

profession, followed later by another group once more representing the Apostle, but this time in bonds for his Master's sake, the children now bearing the instruments employed in his martyrdom.

But the most picturesque of all the parish groups was undoubtedly that of the parish of the Cathedral of Saint-Sauveur, showing forth the glorification of the name of the Saviour throughout the world. A beautifully decorated globe carried on the shoulders of four Levites, flanked by two scrolls, announcing the verses from the Psalms, "May all nations bless the Lord," "May they praise His holy name," came first. Following this came a band of thirty-three boys, bearing the flags of the different nations of the world, each being clad in the costume proper to the country whose national colors he bore. The costumes of the representatives of the European nations, however, were taken from a less prosaic age, and we remarked that in their laudable efforts to secure effect, the bearer of the Union Jack was made to wear a kilt! Behind the boys came a similar group of girls, carrying the heraldic emblems of the same countries, and dressed in the corresponding national costume. We heard it

afterwards remarked by a gentleman who had traveled the world over, that the dresses of the Asiatic nations were such faithful reproductions of the reality that a foreground of sand and background of palms were all that were needed to make him imagine himself once more back in the East. Certainly, words can not adequately describe the charming effect of this mingling of color, and every shade of color, displayed in the threescore different costumes, each of which was an art study in itself, while the whole scene brought forcibly to the mind the wonderful manner in which the command given by Our Lord to the Apostles upon Mount Olivet: "Go ye and teach all nations," has been, and is still obeyed by their descendants in the Catholic Church. But fascinating and instructive as were the parish groups, by far the most important and striking part of the procession was the great biblical section, of which the accompanying photographs can, we fear, only serve to give some slight idea.

Four angels heralded what was really a magnificent object lesson of the great scheme of the world's redemption, bearing an inscription which ran as follows: "Promised to the Patriarchs," "Predicted by the Prophets," "Announced by

Angels." "The Christ has redeemed us by His Blood."

Following the patriarchs Adam, Abel, and Noe, came Isaac, the first great type of the



*The triumphant entry into Jerusalem.*

Redeemer, accompanied by his father Abraham, but himself bearing upon his shoulders the wood designed to be the instrument of his sacrifice.

Next came Joseph led captive into Egypt and the patriarchs Jacob, Moses, Job, and Melchisedech.

Following these came a long line of prophets, who had predicted the coming of Our Lord, His rejection by His chosen people and His bitter sufferings and death, the royal prophet David followed by two pages closing the cortège. The universal expectation of the Messias having been thus admirably displayed, in the next section is shown the realization of the hopes of mankind.

A choir of sixty angels chanting the "Gloria in Excelsis" preceded a striking tableau of the Nativity, erected on a large platform on wheels, drawn by a pair of enormous bullocks with gilded horns. The group was arranged after the manner of the familiar Christmas crib, living figures, however, taking the place of statues. Behind the crib came the shepherds and a choir of shepherdesses singing the *Adeste Fideles*, at the words of the chorus "*Venite, Adoremus*" turning to one another with graceful gestures of invitation. The Magi, of course, followed, with a retinue of slaves bearing gifts of "gold, myrrh, and frankincense," "for Him who was born King of the Jews."

Another group represented the principal characters in the mystery of the Presentation, following which came the Finding of Our Lord in the Temple, a group which found much sympathy

with the onlookers. As the accompanying photograph shows, the child Jesus appeared in the center of a semicircle of priests and doctors, who as they walk hold converse with Him, and "are



*Jesus led captive into Jerusalem.*

astonished at His wisdom and His answers." The little boy seemed to enter thoroughly into his part, his shrill voice being distinctly heard above the tramp of men and the murmur of the crowd.

A scene from the public life, showing the Master with His Apostles, His footsteps followed by a crowd of children with their mothers whom every now and again He turns round to accost, precedes the mysteries of the Passion, which open with the triumphant entry into Jerusalem.

Four stalwart trumpeters announced the approach of what was to our mind the most strikingly realistic section of the entire procession. These were followed by a crowd of Israelites bearing palm branches which at intervals they waved in unison above their heads as they burst forth into a chorus of Hosannas especially composed for the occasion by the choirmaster of the Cathedral. The appearance of Our Saviour, "meek and humble and seated upon an ass," was greeted by children scattering flowers and palm branches. The Apostles, forming an animated group, followed close behind their Master, while behind them again streamed another choir of forty of the "daughters of Israel," whose voices helped to swell the glad chorus of Hosannas. No one could fail to see how accurately the Gospel story was being portrayed, and as the crowd passed through the winding streets, shouting its triumphant welcome to the Son of David, it did

not require any great effort of the imagination to almost hear the angry comments of the Scribes and Pharisees, "the whole world goeth after Him," and to see their set faces as they plotted the down-



*Jesus Carrying the Cross.*

fall of the Just One, who to them was a stumbling block and a reproach. Our reverie is interrupted by the sight of the realization of their evil designs, for now Jesus approaches surrounded by a group

of soldiers, Pharisees and servants of the Sanhedrim, bearing staves and lanterns on their way to the court of Annas.

The next scene is the way of the cross. A centurion on horseback, followed by twelve Roman legionaries leads the way; behind them, and in striking contrast, draggle a motley group of jailers and executioners, bearing ladders and the instruments of the Crucifixion. And now a still deeper hush falls upon the crowd, for above the heads of the encircling group appears the upper portion of a great cross, which, as it approaches, is seen to be borne upon the shoulders of one bent and bowed and crowned with thorns, and the bystanders whisper to one another that this is a Capuchin Father, who for two hours has been bearing the burden, rejoicing to be thus privileged to follow so intimately the footsteps of His Master. He is assisted in his task by Simon the Cyrenean, the Scribes and Pharisees following, while behind them stream a group of the women of Jerusalem headed by Mary leaning upon the arm of St. John.

A car drawn by six horses, displaying a tableau of the scene at the foot of the cross, followed by a number of mourners, completed the historical

portion of the procession. Following it came members of the various religious communities of the town, men and women, accompanied by a choir of ecclesiastical students.



*Our Lady and St. John on the way to Calvary.*

At length, surrounded by an escort of burghers clad in uniforms first used in the procession of 1504, came the bishops, three of whom were present, the Bishop of Bruges, the titular bishop of Pheocea, and Mgr. Cowgill, coadjutor to the Bishop of Leeds. On their shoulders they bore

a richly decorated dais upon which rested the reliquary, containing the relic of the Precious Blood. At the sound of the bells announcing its approach the crowd fell upon their knees, remaining in a posture of recollection until the sacred relic had passed. Immediately behind the Bishops came the group of English pilgrims who for some years past have accompanied one or other of the English bishops to take part in the procession, while bringing up the rear came the principal civil and military authorities of the town.

And then came a sight never to be forgotten.

From the window where we were stationed could be seen a dense crowd, stretching as far as eye could reach, streaming along, rosary in hand and speaking not a word, but filling the entire street, from wall to wall. Having witnessed the procession from one point or another along the route they had now come to render their homage. Reverently and patiently they walked until the Place de Bruges was reached. Here the procession halted, its members taking up positions before an open air altar, and then, amid a flourish of trumpets, Mgr. Cowgill obeying the courteous and spontaneous invitation of the Bishop of Bruges, mounted the altar steps and solemnly



*Calvary.*

blessed the crowd and the city with the holy relic.

The time taken for the entire procession to file past was forty minutes. To us who witnessed it for the first time, it seemed like a page from the



*The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Cowgill giving the Blessing.*

past. Of its utility as a means for keeping alive the faith in the hearts of the people there can, as we have said, be no question, for what book or sermon could have told more eloquently or im-

pressively the whole story of God's plan for the Redemption of man, than this living panorama unrolled before their eyes. Sights and sounds such as these have tended to make Bruges what it is, the most Catholic city of Belgium.



## How We Took the Old Forts

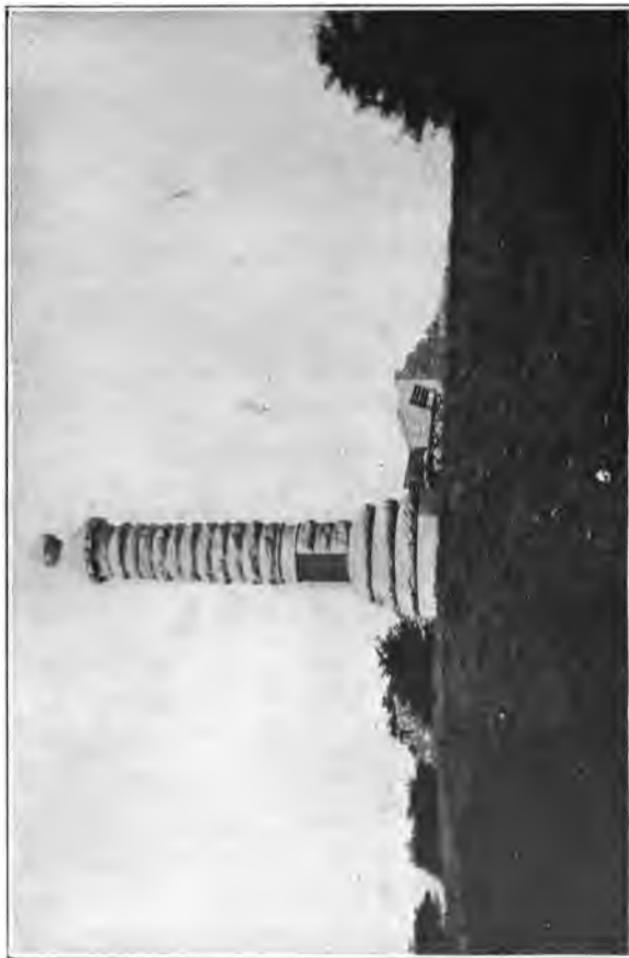
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BELIEVING that even a short vacation would acquire an added interest if taken with some definite purpose in view, we planned to spend our holiday in visiting some historic site. "Which one?" was naturally the next point to determine. The mooted question in regard to the preservation of Niagara, together with the fact that we were still tasting the first delights of amateur photography, turned our footsteps toward that portion of the country in order to visit the old forts which had figured as military posts during the War of 1812.

Few sections of our country are richer in historic association than the Niagara frontier. Almost every step of the way along the river's bank is over bloodstained ground. Traces of these dearly-fought battles are still to be seen, but a few decades hence may find some of them obliterated.

As we journeyed along the river's banks from lake to lake, we were amazed to find what a keen relish hunting them up with a camera gave to the chase. For there was not only the present enjoyment of the outing, but the charm of anticipation as well. No amateur gardener ever hovered more solicitously over his sprouting seedlings than did we over our finder in studying possible view points.

One of the most fiercely contested conflicts of that war took place at Fort Erie, on the Canadian shore, at the point where Lake Erie pours its waters into the fast flowing Niagara. In 1811, Sir Isaac Brock, in writing to Quebec, describes Buffalo as a "tolerably large village opposite Fort Erie." In the century that has almost rolled by since then, that village has grown to an important commercial center, while the fort is but a crumbling ruin among grass-grown ramparts. Built in 1809, captured by the Americans under General Brown in 1814, besieged by General Drummond, it was later, when the war had virtually drawn to a close, evacuated and blown up by General Brown. Since then the fort has had some interesting escapes from the hands of vandals. At one time some golf players desired to



*Ruins of Fort Erie, Ont., and Monument in Memory of the Soldiers who fell in the War of 1812.*

get possession of it to play golf on the fine grounds. There was some talk of acquiescence; then a wave of indignation swept over the more loyal element, and the offer was refused with scorn. There was also the time when a new church between Fort Erie and Bridgburg was being built, and the trustees obtained permission to carry away the loose stones to help build it. There was not enough loose stone, and the people started to tear down the walls in places. This also was stopped, and, with the exception of the curio hunters who take away small bits from time to time, the old fort now rests secure from depredation. Within its grassy inclosure, the Lundy's Lane Historical Association have recently erected a monument in commemoration of the soldiers, both American and Canadian, who fell in the War of 1812. Standing on a slight eminence, this fine shaft of gray stone rises impressively from amid the ruins of the past, and formed an important feature of the landscape as we approached it in crossing the river from Buffalo.

From Fort Erie we took the little suburban train down to the village of the same name, and then drove a short distance along the old historic highway known as the river road, to Bridgburg.



*Church built with Stones taken from Fort Erie.*

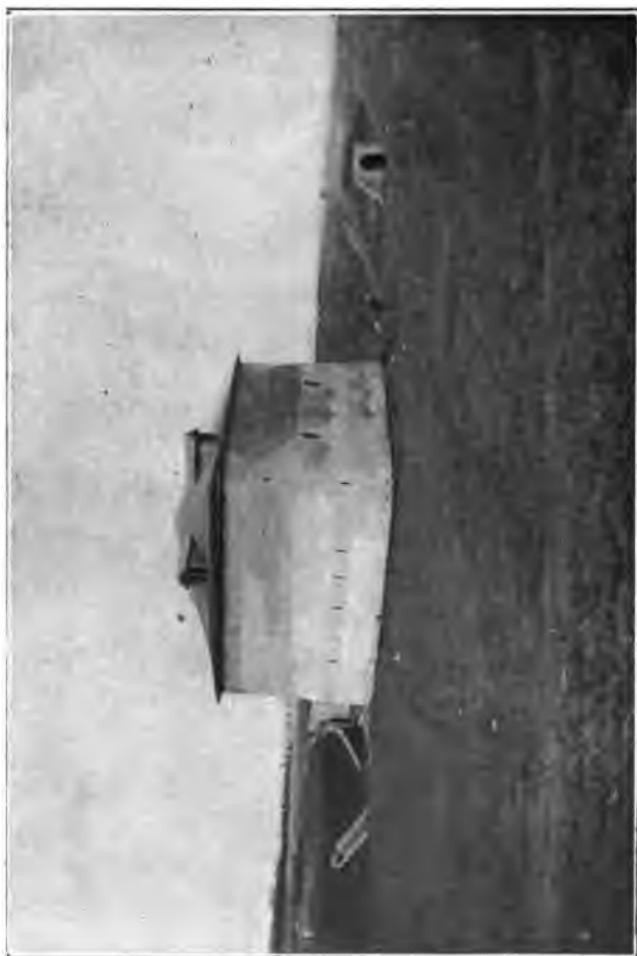
From here a railway journey of an hour and a half brought us to Niagara-on-the-Lake, passing on our way the battlefields of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, the one above and the other below Niagara Falls. This quaint old town, situated on Lake Ontario at the mouth of the Niagara, was formerly called Newark, and in 1792 was made the first capital of Upper Canada. To the north of it lies Fort Mississauga, built after the village had been burned by the American army in 1813.

We found its castle, moat, and ramparts in a good state of preservation. Its massive gate

standing open, we entered the inclosure and rambled about at will. It was just at sunset, and at that hour the view from the embankment, looking out over the broad expanse of Ontario, and across the river to Fort Niagara, presented a scene of beauty not easily to be forgotten. Not being a propitious hour, however, for photography, we turned our steps toward the village to seek accommodations for a few days' sojourn, and found most comfortable quarters in a picturesque old house, set in the midst of a charming garden, with front and side porch overgrown with crimson ramblers in full bloom.

The next day dawning bright and clear, we sallied forth upon our quest for reminiscences of the war. Our first step was to revisit Fort Missassaugua, crossing the wide common where meek-eyed cattle grazed, just as pictured in the old woodcuts, in the pictorial history of that period. A sudden cry of "Fore," and a golf ball whizzing by, recalled us most vividly to the present, and caused us to seek shelter from the ubiquitous ball within the intrenchments.

From Fort Missassaugua we strolled through the village southwards to the Government Reserve or Camp Ground, where once a year the



*Fort Mississauga, built in 1814 at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario.*

encampment of the Canadian militia is held. Crossing this great common, we came upon the ramparts of Fort George, the outlines of which we could trace, and with something of a scramble surmount. Within the breastworks lies a small farm, and beside a cultivated field we discovered a brick mound, part of the old powder magazine. Nearer the river, and so overgrown with trees and underbrush as almost to escape observation, we found a small stone building, all that remains of the old fort itself. From here, early on the morning of October 13, 1812, Sir Isaac Brock galloped at full speed along the river road to Queenston, and met his death upon the heights, "while advancing to repel the invading enemy." His body was removed to Fort George, where he was interred in a cavalier bastion of the ramparts, commanding a fine view of the river. A stone, placed there by the Niagara Historical Society, marks the spot. Twelve years later his body was removed to Queenston Heights, where a fitting monument has been erected to his memory. The cornerstone of the cenotaph marking the spot where he fell was laid by King Edward, then Prince of Wales, in 1860.

Taking the Toronto steamer from Niagara-on-

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*Ruins of the old Powder Magazine at Fort George, Niagara-on-the-Lake.*



*Sir Isaac Brock's Monument on Queenston Heights.*

the Lake to Lewiston, a delightful sail of seven miles up the river, we crossed by ferry to Queenston to visit the monument, and to revel in the magnificent vista of the plateau spread out before us, through which the Niagara takes its sinuous



*Cenotaph marking the Spot where Sir Isaac Brock was Killed in the Battle of Queenston Heights.*

course to Lake Ontario. Recrossing to Lewiston, by way of the Suspension Bridge, a breezy trolley ride through luxuriant fruit lands brought us to historic Youngstown. Just beyond, and com-

manding the approach to the river from the lake, stands Fort Niagara, which, although the oldest of the frontier forts, is in, by far, the best state of preservation, having been kept up as a



*Mess House or Castle of Fort Niagara, near Youngstown, N. Y., commenced by the French in 1725.*

military post by our government, ever since peace with Great Britain was declared in 1814.

Naturally, the first thing that attracted our attention as we entered the portal of the old fortress, was the main building or castle, with its latticed porch and many chimneys. This stone structure was commenced by the French in 1725,

and successively enlarged and strengthened by the British, and the Americans. It contains within its walls a large assembly or mess-room, a well, a dungeon, and many other vestiges of the dark and troubrous days of its early history.



*The old Bake House at Fort Niagara, near Youngstown, N. Y., built by the British in 1762.*

At the left stands the quaint old Bake House, built by the English in 1762. At some distance to the right are three tall poplars, standing like sentinels upon the edge of the bluff, overlooking Lake Ontario. In the shadow of these fine trees lies a dilapidated old gun-carriage, and in the northeast and southwest corners of the fortifica-

tions stand two stone blockhouses, upon whose roofs were formerly placed batteries, used as late as the War of 1812.

Very peaceful was the scene which Fort Niagara presented to our eyes upon that summer day. It seemed more in keeping to think of it as the spot where peace treaties with Indian sachems, or social gatherings under French or English occupancy, or the visits of Lafayette, the poet Moore, and other distinguished men, had taken place, than that this green area, with its white buildings gleaming in the sunshine, should ever have been the theatre of sanguinary conflicts. Especially of that on the night of December 19, 1813, when the British fell with fire and sword upon the sleeping garrison within, to wreak vengeance for the capture of Fort George and the destruction of Niagara-on-the-Lake.

## In a Land of the Past

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OUTSIDE the beaten track of travel, hidden away between the Caspian and Arabian Seas, lies all that is left of the great empire of Persia. It is difficult to realize that this is the Persia that has exercised such far-reaching influence upon mankind. Time was, however, when the empire spread over the entire Iranian Plateau; and it was on this vast plain the primitive tribes foregathered that formed the Aryan race, whence sprung the peoples inhabiting Europe and America to-day.

According to legendary lore, the history of the land had its beginning thousands of years before the Christian era, but Herodotus and Xenophon first recounted its story in reasonably accurate form. The annals of its rise and fall are replete with stirring tales; they ring with the clash of arms, first in battles with surrounding tribes, and later in warfare with the powerful Greeks, who acknowledged in the Persians foemen worthy of their steel.

From the time of Cyrus the Great, who first welded the nation together, the destroyer of Babylon, whose prowess was foretold in the prophecies, to its long, downward step when the conqueror, Alexander, gazed upon the body of Darius, Persia held the forefront in the world's history.

In the ages succeeding these glorious centuries, however, the people passed through many vicissitudes, and suffered the rule of many different races. In the sixth century the country was swallowed up in the tide of Saracen conquests, and thereafter its trend was ever downward. At times there returned to it, for a brief period, some of its former importance, but even this borrowed greatness was ephemeral, and Persia soon fell into its accustomed path toward decay.

Coming down to more modern times, we find that in 1755 Kerim Khan, a Kurd, that is, a mountaineer, re-established tranquillity in his native land which for many preceding years had been torn by dissensions. For a while peace and prosperity promised to remain with it, but Kerim Khan, the wise and able ruler, died, and his successor, Lutf Ali, was almost immediately plunged into wars. Finally he was overthrown by Agha



*Types of Women in Kurdish Persia. The Kurds are the Mountainers of Persia.*

Mohammed, a Kajar, who in 1795 established the dynasty that rules to-day.

At the present time Persia is but the shuttlecock of Russia and Great Britain, both of which nations have possessions reaching to its borders.

The people number about eight million. Probably two million dwell in the cities; two million more are nomads in the complete sense of the name, and the rest are villagers, partly sedentary and partly nomadic in their habits. Characteristically, the race is untrustworthy, grasping, and of little intellectual development.

Family life is similar to that in Turkey and other Eastern countries, but among the better classes it is on a little higher plane. Persia is a man's country, in that women occupy an unimportant position, but the wives are well treated. Mohammedanism in its strictest form, the Shias sect, is the national religion, and most of the customs of to-day are Mohammedan in their origin. Some there are, however, that date back to the ancient Iranians, recalled by the vast number of pillars of the fire-worshippers and the burial towers wherein these early tribes were wont to place the bodies of their dead to be devoured by the birds.

The houses as a rule are of the purely Oriental type, built of sun-dried brick, rising but little above the ground, flat-roofed, white, and monotonous in appearance.

Except along the shores of the Persian Gulf, a region of torrid heat, the winters, although



*Turkmans, the Nomads or Wanderers of Persia, weaving the famous Persian Carpets.*

short, are frequently very severe, and the method of securing heat practiced by the poorer and middle classes primitive in the extreme. The "oven" where all the household baking is done, is simply a hole in the center of the floor, a corresponding hole in the mud-roof serving as a chimney. In cold weather a low ottoman is placed across this oven, over this a quilt is thrown, and all the members of the family gather around the spot, thrust their feet underneath the cover of the "cursy" as the contrivance is named, and secure a very doubtful sort of comfort.

Among the homes of the wealthy there are many that display architectural effort and not a few that are furnished with truly artistic taste. In such homes one finds splendid collections of the magnificent rugs and tapestries for which Persia is famous the world over. Of the carpets there are about thirty styles, each the production of a separate tribe. Their value, in some instances, is beyond computation, for they represent long periods of labor, and are the result of secret knowledge and "tricks of the trade" handed down in families from age to age. Their beauty is the more marvelous because in many cases they have been woven by mere children and with



*Persian Natives embroidering with Silk.*

primitive implements. The ability of the Persian children to remember form and color is astounding to the Western mind. At times the intricate designs are woven without the aid of a model. The children are shown a carpet once, and often proceed to reproduce it — without again looking at the original.

The cities of Persia are not attractive in appearance. They have no modern improvements, but are distinguished by all the Eastern squalor and stench. The streets are narrow; vehicles can not pass through them; and the “rapid transit” of the Persian city is the mule.

Surrounding the towns, however, there are gardens of surpassing beauty, for Persia is the home of flowers. Roses reign supreme, and nowhere are they to be found so fragrant and in such profusion as in these widespread gardens that supply to the world a large percentage of the powerful perfume attar of roses.

The late Shah, Mouzaffir-ed-din, was more advanced than any of his predecessors, with the possible exception of his father. He had “crossed the seas;” he had visited many European countries; and while he held fast to almost all the old customs, he exhibited marked democracy in the



*Only Method of Passenger Travel by Vehicle in Persia.*

frequency with which he showed himself to the people, and in his treatment of foreign representatives and visitors. His eldest son, Mohammed Ali Mirza, who ascended the throne at his father's death, is thirty-four years old. He has had many of the advantages of a good European education, is well-versed in English, French, and Russian languages, and literature, and is a keen student, too, of politics. He is married, has several children, and is said to be quite simple in his tastes. Moreover, he is likely to move with the times, and respond to the movement of reform recently inaugurated by his father.

Slavery is still in vogue, although in a mild form, and the women, like all their Mohammedan sisters, are compelled to veil themselves whenever they appear in public. The bastinado, beating upon the soles of the feet, remains the general form of punishment for minor offences.

The national costumes are picturesque. The men wear a cotton garment fastened in front and falling below the heels; it fits loosely about the person, has wide sleeves and no collar. Trousers are worn by the higher classes and among the military. The outside garment is a shawl, generally of some expensive material, such as silk



*Horse Caravan on the Road from Alwas, Persia, to the Karoon River. This is an unusual Spectacle in Persia, where either the Camel or Donkey serves as Beast of Burden.*

or satin, and its length indicates the nobility of the wearer. The distinctive headdress of the Persian man is the queer-shaped astrakhan fez, or the peculiar half-spherical skull cap.\*

The costumes of the women are of the familiar Oriental type and vary in expensiveness and brilliancy according to the ability of the husband to provide for his family.

The population of Persia is made up of a multitude of tribes. The Lures are the best representatives of the ancient nomadic Iranians. In many respects they are like the Armenians, but they most resemble the Kurds. This can not be said to be to their credit, for to all familiar with Eastern life the name "Kurd" is synonymous with "thief." The Lures and numerous other wandering tribes are scattered throughout the northwestern portion of the country. Dwelling in the luxurious valleys of Luristan, where all nature invites man to settle down to a domestic life, they are, nevertheless, nomads, living in tents, offering allegiance only to their own chiefs, and often engaged in warfare with each other.

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\*This is the national costume, but the effect of outside influence may be seen in the hybrid dress affected by a large portion of the men to-day which is illustrated in the photographs we have reproduced.



*Caravansary, or resting Place for both Men and Camels constituting a Caravan, on the Road from Reslit, a trading Point in Northern Persia to Teheran.*

The Tajaks, occupying the central part of the country, are the most important numerically and more nearly than any other tribe resemble the portion of the first inhabitants of the plain of Iran who formed the fixed population. They are considered the representative Persians, and it is from them that the merchants and business men are chiefly drawn. They speak the Persic language—similar to the ancient Persian, and they maintained longest the ancient fire-worship.

At the head of the government is the Shah, a personage similar to the Sultan of Turkey. The army is large, but can scarcely be relied upon, since in Persia, as in most Oriental countries, the pay of the soldiers is always far in arrears. As a rule the officials are corrupt in the extreme, yet the finances are sufficiently well managed to permit the Shah and his ministers to obtain moderate loans in the money markets of the world—and for such loans Persia is considered “a good risk.”

Notwithstanding its decadence, the traveler who takes the trouble to visit this out of the way land will find much to attract and hold his interest. In the capital, Teheran, there are no hotels, but accommodations can readily be secured at the home of some merchant.



*Caravan of Lumber-laden Donkeys en route to Teheran.*

On Friday, the Eastern Sunday, the visitor should not miss the procession as the Shah goes forth for his weekly visit to the great mosque, the while the roofs of the houses are crowded with his subjects, intent upon gazing at "the shadow of God" as he is called. The mosque itself, with its vari-colored tiles, vast dome, multitude of minarets, and immense portal, is a splendid example of Eastern architecture.

Of course the bazars of Teheran are gay with carpets, rugs, and tapestries, as well as with the various gewgaws which are part and parcel of Oriental life. As he strolls along, the observant man will be deeply interested in the motley crowd—bearded Turks, Bedouins from the Tigris, Turkomans from Bokhara, Armenians, Hindus, and Russians.

Outside the walls are the beautiful gardens; beyond them the inevitable caravans coming from Resht and other points. Most frequently the costly burdens are borne by camels, but sometimes, in Persia, one sees caravans made up of troops of horse.

Further out on the plains are the curious "towers of silence," the burial-places of the ancients and the present-day haunts of religious fanatics.



*Teheran, Persia's Capital City, looking from the Art or Citadel.*

The traveler will be unromantic indeed if he does not find himself amply repaid by a visit to this spot. The scenery is wonderfully varied, and there are some regions whose equal for beauty can not be found the world over, while other sections are arid wastes.

Of the deserts the "Dasht-i-Lut" (Great Salt Desert) and the "Dasht-i-Kavir" (Great Sand Desert) are the greatest in extent. The former is a marvelous region. In 1891 there was discovered here a block of rock salt estimated at about six hundred miles square, and several feet thick. The salt was so hard that even with the aid of iron tent-pegs it was possible to detach only the smallest fragments.

The great sand desert, which separates the province of Khorassan from Kirman, resembles the typical waste, but it, too, has many salty sections.

Amid the ruins of Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia proper, the antiquarian will find a wealth of interest. Its site is about thirty-five miles north of the modern Shiraz, in the midst of lofty mountains, and is one of the most beautiful spots upon the globe. On every side there are evidences of the massiveness and grandeur that



*Bazar in Resht, the Center of the Silk Trade of Persia and the Point of the beginning of Persia's new Cart Road for Freight.*

characterized the architecture during the days of the Achaemenidan kings. Here are the ruins of the palace of Xerxes, the basement still intact; here are the broken columns of the "Hall of a Hundred Pillars," a magnificent structure, each side of which was two hundred and sixty-seven feet long, whose roof was supported, as the name indicates, by a hundred massive pillars. This was a place of public ceremonies and is declared to have been the most wonderful piece of architecture ever wrought by the Aryan race in Asia.

All this and more the traveler will find as his reward, yet, however prosaic he may be, there will be a tinge of sadness in it all, for he cannot but realize that he is in a land of the past.

## The Legend of Juan Rubio

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JUAN RUBIO means neither more nor less than "John the Fair;" fair-haired, fair-complexioned—a physical peculiarity which, while occasionally met with among American Indians, is still an exception. The legendary personage about whom I am going to tell must, therefore, be fancied as having been somewhat like a white man.

It was in the month of August, 1897—hence the end of winter in South America, on the other side of the Equator. What is called "spring" by courtesy in those regions was announcing itself by denser and longer fogs in the daytime, more frequent rains, and sporadic thunder. We had been on the upper eastern slopes of the central Bolivian Andes, at Pelechuco, since the first days of June, that is, in the "dry" season. Whereas on the western declivity of the great mountains, toward the Pacific, the dry season means what it is called, an usually clear sky, cold air, and frost, with now and then light snowfalls; on the eastern declivity, as low as about seven

thousand feet above sea-level, there were six clear days in three months! Every one of the eighty-seven days remaining distinguished itself from the others only in that the fog rolling up from the tall forests would come an hour earlier or an hour later.. These daily fogs sweep up in shreds, gradually spreading over mountains and valleys till all is one mist, so dense and dark that at the village of Pelechuco (11,000 feet above sea-level) the few kerosene lamps were lighted at three o'clock in the afternoon. On the ruins higher up it often happened that we could not see each other twenty feet apart. Such is the dry season; what the wet is may be inferred.

Our host at Pelechuco, Mr. Carlos Franck, had done all a disinterested, intelligent, and well-educated man could do to help us in our excavations and explorations. With the approach of the rainy season our fieldwork would necessarily have to be abandoned, and he suggested that we go to a newly acquired property of his—Keara—to look for those antiquities he was certain were to be found there. Keara lies in a deep gorge running parallel to that of Pelechuco. The distance is short, in a straight line, but that country is such a labyrinth of narrow chasms, divided by

gigantic ridges, that it takes a day to cover the distance, the more so as any other gait than a walk is out of the question. We went to Keara on a day that was considered fair, that is, the fog rose an hour later than the day before and cleared away before sunset. The maze of towering mountains surrounding us on all sides left no view open beyond the nearest icy pinnacles of the Andes of Carabaya or Apolobamba, and during the first part of the journey we followed the slopes above Pelechuco through a thicket of vigorous shrubbery. Suddenly we emerged from the jungle, and enjoyed the pleasant sensation of standing, seemingly, in mid-air, on a narrow point, to the left a gorge as narrow as any we had entered: to our right what sensational literature would call a "yawning chasm." Still, as the steep slope was overgrown with brush, we looked at it simply as a steep slope. The ascent through the gorge to our left was tedious and very monotonous as far as the gap of Keara, where, through a narrow pass at an elevation of over fifteen thousand feet, the imposing needle of the Nevado de Sanchez suddenly burst into view, its base surrounded by glaciers. Thence we turned downward, overlooking bare basins dominated

by glaciers and rocky spires, and a number of emerald-green Alpine lakes dotting the landscape. In the snowy ranges and along their immediate base all lagoons are beautifully, transparently emerald-hued.

The sight over this bleak and cold expanse is dismally forbidding. A rapid descent of four thousand feet on a fine road built and maintained by Mr. Franck at his own expense, down dizzy and deserted slopes, to ridges where shrubbery timidly begins to appear, terminates in a narrow cleft with a cluster of Indian houses and a substantial adobe building, half-finished. All around crags rise out of bushes, waterfalls pour through vertical rents. Lower down the cleft is timbered and, still lower, where the mist mingles with faint contours of mountains and forests, the colossal wilderness of tropical tree-growth outlines the beginning of the lowlands of the upper Amazonian basin. The group of houses is Keara, our place of destination; its inhabitants are a mixture of Quichua and Aymará Indians transplanted thither by Mr. Franck, and from here he starts to penetrate the tall timber in quest of gum and Calisaya bark.

We understood but little of the Quichua lan-

guage, but there were Indians who understood Spanish, and our two servants were proficient, the elder in Quichua, the younger in both idioms, hence intercourse with the natives and the organization of a system of exploration was not very difficult. The small, square, primitive huts of the inhabitants, consisting of four upright plates of silurian slate around which a thin wall of adobe was reared, while a large slab, weighted down by stones and rubbish, formed a solid roof, yielded in course of time their modest antiquities, including skulls. We sifted and probed very carefully (for the Indian is a being difficult of access) the minds of the little group of people as to what they knew of the remote past of these regions, and, as usual, ascertained as good as nothing. Most of them were newcomers and had hardly anything to tell. Among them was a man from Azangaro on Lake Titicaca, an Indian—said to be—who professed to speak only the Quichua language, whereas his whole appearance denoted a strong admixture of white blood. He was a close observer of our doings—not exactly a spy, still an observer. Grave, almost taciturn, he would watch us silently without obtruding. Only by an interpreter could we communicate



*Ancient Stone Dwellings.*

with him, but I was impressed with the idea that he understood Spanish also. In the course of conversation with other natives we frequently threw out hints concerning ancient lore, endeavoring thereby to elicit some information on possible traditions, and among these hints were allusions to the appearance of whites in time anterior to the coming of the Spaniards. Once, when we had touched upon this subject the Azangaro Indian interjected a few words to our interpreter and I thought I caught the name: "Juan Rubio!" The Indian being interrogated about the word willingly told us the following:

Once upon a time, very, very, long ago when the earth was yet in darkness and only the moon and stars gave light in the heavens, when the sun was still unknown to the inhabitants of the region, the people of northern Bolivia and southern Peru dwelt in the little towers of slabs and rude masonry such as we had been excavating. Then there suddenly appeared among them a strange man, such as they had never seen. His skin was white and rosy, his hair fair, and not coarse and straight as that of the Indians. That man came from the East, in the direction of the Amazonian basin (Brazil) and he could talk to

the natives in their own tongue. He warned them that, after he was gone, the Sun would suddenly rise in the east and their destruction was sure to follow its appearance. Thence he wandered off, going westward.

The Sun rose in the heavens soon after and the people, frightened at its glare and unaccustomed brilliancy, hid in their little houses, pulling the outer walls about them, and perished.

We were not wholly unprepared to hear such a tale. On the Bolivian tableland the common legend related by the Indians also charges the Sun with the extermination of the ancestors of the present Aymára Indians, but of a white man as forerunner to the celestial orb and prognosticator of the cataclysm we had as yet heard nothing. Upon further inquiry among the people at Keara however, the tale was confirmed, and they even manifested surprise at our ignorance of a tradition so widely circulated among the aborigines. Everything told by Eugenio Vargas (the Quichua Indian from Azangaro) was subsequently and very emphatically confirmed at Pelechuco by our friends, and at various places on the Bolivian tableland.

Notwithstanding such abundant and emphatic



*Lake Titicaca.*

testimony, it was far from sufficient to place the authenticity of the tale on a sure footing as a tradition from pre-Spanish times. Nothing is more precarious than a so-called "Indian tradition." That sort of lore springs up or becomes modified through contact, nay, completely distorted, very easily. The influence of the European and chiefly of the Catholic missionary is, and has been, very strong and quite rapid in such matters. What is heard from Indians about an indigenous recollection of the Deluge for instance.

was created by the earliest teachings of Catholic priests, and whenever these teachings were accompanied by the display of painted charts (as was often the case) on which events of sacred history were represented or symbolized, they at once would be absorbed by the Indian and made a part of his mythology or folklore. In the case of Juan Rubio there were great possibilities of the tale being a quite recent recollection. It might apply to some real missionary of the earliest times of Christianization, or to some event that happened far away.

After leaving Pelechuco for the city of La Paz (now the Bolivian capital) we had to pass the village of Carabuco on Lake Titicaca and the seat of a sanctuary noted among Indians as well as Mestizos. We had heard that its church contained an ancient cross to which a mysterious origin as well as miraculous properties are attributed. When we arrived, the entire population were feasting, with the exception of two men and their families. One of these parties tendered us a hospitality we were forced to accept, as these villages and hamlets have neither inns nor lodging-houses. It was not safe to walk the streets. The Indians are of a most vicious disposition, and



*The Remaining of Tropical Vegetation.*

apt to ill-treat the stranger when he is without protection. Our conversation with the host very soon drifted toward the church and its mysterious crucifix. He seemed very proud of both, and happy at the thought of showing them to us.

The church, like all these edifices in the Bolivian interior, is sadly dilapidated, but enough remains of the outside to show that its style is that of temples erected by Jesuits in the seventeenth century. That unprepossessing outside, however, harbors a surprise. Built of stone, it has preserved from ruin an interior worthy of admiration. The most elaborate ornamentation, brilliantly painted, with a profusion of sculptured images appropriately placed and well executed, covers every part of the walls. All these decorations are of carved wood, as well as the highly ornate pulpit, the splendid altar, solidly gilt, and hung with plates of silver. Above the altar, in a rich frame and protected by glass, is suspended a crucifix made of two pieces of rough wood, manifestly tree-branches, peeled. Two clumsy copper nails and a ring of copper are with the relic. This is the "cross of Carabuco" as mysterious in its origin as the tale of Juan Rubio, and, as



*Indian Musicians at La Paz.*

will be seen, not without relation to it. Near the entrance to the church, inside, are two huge paintings, on which the history of that cross is represented. These paintings are, of course, frightful daubs, perpetrated by some color-squanderer of native or mixed breed, and they are accompanied by a text purporting to give the full tale of the discovery of the cross, in Spanish days, of how the cross was brought to Carabuco and of what sort of human being was its carrier. Instead of adhering to that uncouth text I prefer to

present the substance of further documentary investigations.

As early as the last years of the sixteenth century it became officially known in Bolivia that, some years previous (the exact date is yet unascertained but probably about 1580), the two principal groups into which the Indians of Carabuco were divided, had had a fierce quarrel on the occasion of a joint festival. Such quarrels are the usual "wind up" of aboriginal celebrations in Bolivia. One faction fought the other, saying that they were intruders in the community. The other side retorted that they had better be silent, since it was known that their ancestors had long ago butchered a white man who appeared near Carabuco bearing a large wooden cross, and had thrown his body into the lake, burying the cross near the shore so as to conceal it forever. The turmoil became so noisy that the priest of Carabuco overheard the tale. By dint of patient and long inquiry, he elicited from one of the Indian women a confirmation of the story, and, finally, the promise to guide him to the site where the relic had been concealed. Digging there, a large cross of wood, with three copper nails and a copper band by which it was held together, came



*Pack Train.*

to light. It was kept for some time at the house of the Spanish officer (corregidor) but the influx of visitors was too great and annoying—these, having heard that the cross worked cures would cut off splinters to take them home, and the relic had to be removed out of reach of the curious, and protected from them. This was done at the close of the sixteenth century. Since then the place has remained a sanctuary, of less fame than the neighboring one of Copacavana but still well-known. The cross itself was afterward divided

into two parts, half of the stem going to the cathedral of Sucre (the former capital of Bolivia) together with one of the copper nails, and another nail was carried to Spain.

To examine the cross closely was impossible, and to photograph it in its position not feasible. We were assured, by people who claimed to have had occasion to see it, that the wood is indigenous and from the Brazilian forests.

The above statements about the history of the cross is not only from ecclesiastical sources. Two Spanish travelers who lived in Bolivia about the year 1600 mention Carabuco and its strange relic. There are probably other documentary evidences that will become accessible in the future.

Indian tradition preserved in the works of Augustinian monks from the seventeenth century, represents the bearer of the mysterious cross in the light of a Christian missionary who visited South America long before the days of Columbus. His career, after being miraculously saved at Carabuco according to some, led him to the Island of Titicaca, where he remained for some time and where, also, he is said to have been martyred. Others make him reach Carabuco



*View of Country surrounding La Paz.*

from the tableland south of Titicaca Lake—in short, there is no lack of legendary lore which would be of the highest value for ancient American history could we be sure of its authenticity! Of the identity of the cross preserved to-day at Carabuco with the one discovered three centuries and more ago there can be no doubt. Neither is it at all likely that the cross could have been manufactured, the story invented and taught the Indians for the purpose of having it circulated within the forty years that elapsed between the

first visit of Spaniards to the eastern shore of Lake Titicaca and the probable date of the discovery. We must not overlook the fact that the story came out in consequence of a brawl, one faction charging the other with a crime perpetrated on a



*Indian Festival at La Paz.*

white man before the Columbian discovery of America. Hence it appears as a part of genuine Indian folklore. It might however, apply to an event that occurred soon after 1534 (when the first Spaniards visited Lake Titicaca), an event which was lost sight of by the Spanish and ecclesiastical

chroniclers. This, however, is hardly probable, since the few priests who frequented the eastern shores of Titicaca during that time are recorded, and had any one of them suffered martyrdom, the recollection of it would surely have been preserved.



*Market Scene in La Pas.*

South and southeast of Carabuco and the great lake, about as far from it in that direction as Keara is on the opposite, we meet with the home of an Indian tradition recalling more closely that of Juan Rubio. It is the story of Tonapa, and

tells of a wonderful man who came from the south, preaching to the natives, working miracles, and who went away to the northward, never to appear again. Of this tale it may be safely stated that, in substance at least, it is primitively Indian, hence a piece of authentic tradition, as it was heard and noted by several Spanish visitors to southern Peru, less than ten years after 1534. Divesting the story of a few additions that are either the result of misunderstanding or of misinterpretation, they confirm both the few data about Juan Rubio and the Carabuco legend, connecting the two with one and the same person.

It is too early yet to attempt a decision in regard to these obscure matters. It may yet appear that the occurrences are less ancient than it is now thought. At all events the story of Juan Rubio and of the cross of Carabuco is so far the only one known relating to an appearance of a white man in South America during pre-Columbian times, and supported by testimony somewhat authentic in appearance.

When the discovery of the cross of Carabuco still attracted attention, the majority of surmises favored the hypothesis that its bearer had been the Apostle St. Thomas or some disciple of his.

The tales themselves furnish no clue whatever. We can not even guess whether he was an ecclesiastic or not. He may have been, like Cabeza de Vaca in Texas and northern Mexico, a castaway of some forlorn and forgotten landing in South America who (like Cabeza de Vaca), kept up his spirits by means of religious fervor, carrying a rude crucifix as a symbol of his only hope. Under any circumstances the story is worth diligent study on both sides of the Atlantic and one in which the Catholic world should be especially interested.

**AD. F. BANDELIER.**



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